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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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ON TO SANTIAGO!

GENERAL SHAFTER READILY OVERCOMES SERIOUS OBSTACLES AND LANDS SEVENTEEN THOUSAND MEN AT BAIQUIRI—THE LARGEST AMERICAN FORCE EVER LANDED ON FOREIGN SOIL.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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JULY 14, 1898.

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SPECIAL WAR RATE : One Dollar to November 1st, to all new subscribers who remit at once.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States and of the world, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities whenever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

The War's Effects on the United States.

WARS always have a powerful and lasting effect on the nations engaged in them—on the victors as well as on the vanquished. In several directions the war against Spain will have a profound and permanent influence on the United States. It will, for example, alter our notions as to the desirability of colonies and as to the adaptability of our political machinery to colonial government. It will necessitate the maintaining of a greater army and navy in time of peace than we have hitherto held, and thus entail a larger expenditure by the government. It will, relatively to that of the State government, largely increase the power of the Federal authority. It will constrain us, in some degree at least, to diverge from our policy of isolation and form *ententes* and alliances.

Dewey's victory at Manila created among Americans territorial aspirations which were new to the vast majority of them, and the conquests yet to come by him and by the other commanders, naval and military, will impose upon Americans certain responsibilities which they cannot honorably shirk. Some colonies—Cuba ultimately, and Porto Rico, the Philippines, the Carolines, the Ladrones, and other Spanish territory immediately—we shall have to hold permanently or temporarily, and a large part of them permanently. A decision in an Alaska case recently rendered by the United States Circuit Court at San Francisco shows that Congress has power under the Constitution to provide any sort of government it chooses for new territory—that is, that Congress can legally govern what England would call crown colonies.

This condition will largely increase the dimensions and expense of the peace establishment of the army and navy. In the three years immediately preceding the War of 1812 the average annual expenditure was, in round figures, \$2,200,000 for the army and its accessories, and \$1,800,000 for the navy. In the three years immediately succeeding the war, when peace conditions were resumed, the annual outlay was \$8,000,000 for the army and \$4,000,000 for the navy. Despite the Jeffersonian hatred of armies and navies and the Jeffersonian attempt at economy, their cost never went down again anywhere near to those ante-bellum figures. A similar immediate and permanent increase in military and naval outlay in peace-times was caused by the war of 1846–8 against Mexico. In 1860, a year before the war of secession, the army cost \$16,000,000 and the navy \$11,000,000. The smallest expenditure in any year since the war was \$38,000,000 (1880) for the army and \$15,000,000 (the average of 1880, 1881, and 1882) for the navy. In most of the years between the end of 1865 and the end of 1897 the annual expenditure for each was far above these figures.

For the twenty years immediately preceding the present war the regular army stood at the 25,000 mark. A law was passed at the beginning of the war, about the middle of April, to increase it to 61,000, but provided that it was to be reduced to the old figure after the war ends. The regular army will never be reduced. It will be increased, and probably go to 80,000 or 100,000, and never go below that line. At the beginning of 1898 the United States stood sixth in naval strength, with England, France, Italy, and Germany leading it, in this order. It is now fifth, standing ahead of Germany. It will have to go above Italy, and perhaps above Russia. This is inevitable. It is destiny. And even in other directions the government will be forced to make a larger outlay.

"Happy the people whose annals are blank in the history books," says Carlyle. Fortunately or unfortunately, United States annals will never again be so blank in the history books as they have been.

Safety in Travel.

SINCE the organization of the interstate commerce commission, which has accomplished such admirable results in regulating and adjusting grievances against the railroads of the United

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Plain Truth.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY these days covers the news of the war both by picture and by text in great shape. It is not unusual to find in its columns reports from three or four correspondents from the seat of war. Its cartoons are inspiring and patriotic, and its other pictorial features cover both the army and navy, and are the work of the best artists. Its poetry and fiction are good and its editorial comment vigorous.—Wilkes-Barre (Pennsylvania) Record.

The opponents of Hawaiian annexation have a way of sling-ing around in promiscuous fashion such terms as "gangs," "rings," "looters," "mercenary schemers," in their characterization of the friends and advocates of the movement. It would be more to the point and more effective if they would specify who some of these villainous schemers and looters are. Under the circumstances we are left to infer that they must include President McKinley and ex-Secretary Sherman, for these two have been foremost in advocating annexation. To these must now be added a large majority of the present Congress. A precious set of rascals these are indeed!

Congress should take up this matter at an early day. It is of vital importance to every section of the country.

A Mother of '98.

My gallant love goes out to-day,
With drums and bugles sounding gay;
I smile to cheer him on his way—
Smile back, my heart, to me!
The flags are glittering in the light;
Is it their stars that blind my sight?
God, hold my tears until to-night—
Then set their fountains free!

He takes with him the light of May;
Alas! it seems but yesterday
He was a bright-haired child at play.
With eyes that knew no fear;
Blue eyes—true eyes! I see them shine
Far down, along the waving line—
Now meet them bravely, eyes of mine!
Good cheer, my love, good cheer!

Oh, mother hearts, that dare not break!
That feel the stress, the long, long ache,
The tears that burn, the eyes that wake,
For these our cherished ones—
And ye—true hearts—not called to bear
Such pain and peril, for your share—
Oh, lift with me the pleading prayer,
God save our gallant sons!

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

England and Others.

IT was not a judicious remark which an Ohio Congressman made the other day when he declared that the friendship manifested toward us by France in years past was based entirely on selfish motives. It is not true, and it would not be politic to say it now even if it were. We need to have a care lest in our present ardor of friendship for England we perform some action that shall create unnecessary and harmful antagonisms between us and other countries whose friendship is worth maintaining.

Our relations with England are closer and more sympathetic than ever, and are destined to become still closer. But this does not necessarily involve an unfriendly feeling toward any other nation. The process of immigration has brought us into a kindship of blood with nearly every civilized people in the world, and these ties have been strengthened and made enduring by our commercial interests, which reach out to every corner of the globe. The highest moral considerations, as well as a sound business policy, demand that the American people shall cultivate peace and good-will with all the nations of the earth.

We cannot forget that France was once a friend indeed because she was a friend in need; that she gave us Lafayette and Rochambeau and many of our most valued and intelligent citizens of later days. We need to remember also that France is a sister republic, and that our trade relations with her amount to over \$50,000,000 a year. As for Germany, we should bear in mind that the interests we have in common with her, racial, industrial, and commercial, stand next only to those we have with Great Britain. Germany sent us nearly one and a half millions of sturdy, capable, and industrious citizens in the decade ending in 1890. Our commerce with Germany is greater than that of any other three continental nations combined. Our exports to the Fatherland reached the value of \$124,000,000 in 1897. With such a country we can ill afford to be on any other terms than those of mutual friendliness.

Considering that Russia is an absolute despotism and so far out of touch with us on governmental lines, our relations with her have always been remarkably friendly. Our intercourse with Russia, when she was a neighbor on the northwest, was marked by the utmost generosity and good-will on both sides, and her conveyance of Alaska to our ownership was done in a manner that only increased our mutual respect. Russia was our friend in the Civil War, and has stood by us stoutly in several international difficulties. We have every reason to continue amicable relations with her.

If we can form an alliance with England for the furtherance of the many high and noble aims we hold in common, it will be well. But it will be neither wise nor practicable for us to enter into an alliance with England, or any other country, that will involve us in the complicated web of jealousies, antagonisms, and conflicting interests which make the Eastern question and other Old-World problems a source of perennial anxiety and unrest for all the nations outside the American continent.

The case of George H. Stephens, the former professor of ethics and morality, who vented his private spite on Lafayette College by burning down Pardee Hall and committing other acts of wanton mischief, is a sad commentary on the value of these studies when pursued purely from an academic point of view. The long-continued study of ethics and moral philosophy, so far from building up Stephens's character and strengthening his reasoning powers, seems to have left him totally unfitted for meeting the most ordinary reverses of life. When a common laborer loses his job he sets to work to find another. At every strike precipitated by some dissatisfied walking delegate we behold thousands of destitute men with starving families tugging at their heart-strings, face just that situation without flinching. When this college professor lost his job, on the other hand, he did not seek recourse in the ethical precepts of those grand old heathens, Socrates, Epictetus, or the Stoics, but he preferred to make a pitiful exhibition of himself, submitting vain petitions to the trustees, getting his name in the papers, and quarreling with the college president. Having failed in these efforts to make trouble, he stooped to such mean and senseless acts of revenge as cutting down the college ivy, desecrating the chapel, and setting fire to one of the dormitory halls. Now that his own deeds have landed him in jail, the only available defense is that of moral perversion and an unbalanced mind.

At the recent gathering of the State Editorial Association of New York an earnest protest was entered against the further toleration of street-car and elevated-railroad advertising. It is the belief of the editors that the charters of street-car lines were granted for public purposes, and that under these charters the surface and elevated lines have no more right to engage in the advertising business than they have to engage in the dry-goods, the grocery, or any other line of trade. In this connection it is interesting to observe that Attorney General Hancock, of this State, was recently asked to revoke the charter of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, of New York City, because it is engaged in the advertising business, in violation of its charter. This suit was of the utmost importance to the newspapers throughout the country, and it was unfortunate that it was decided not on its merits, but on a technicality. The diversion of advertising from the legitimate channels of the newspapers and magazines to the street-car lines has become a serious matter within recent years, and the newspapers have not taken up the question a moment too soon for their own best interests. Every dollar diverted to street-car lines in this way is a dollar taken from the regular advertising publications of the country. It is estimated that during the past year more than \$2,000,000 of legitimate advertising was thus turned away from the daily and weekly newspapers, magazines, and other publications, into the coffers of street-car lines and their allies, although the charters of the street-car companies never contemplated, and, in fact, forbid, the pursuit of any other business than that of carrying freight and passengers.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE Celestial Kingdom boasts at least one "new woman." She is Meiyii Shie, M.D., or Mary Stone, as her name was anglicized when she was in this country. She spent four years at Ann Arbor University, and is a graduate of the medical department. She was graduated with honor, and was a great favorite with her class. She was converted to Christianity before coming to America, through the instrumentality of the Methodist mission. Last year Dr. Shie returned to her native land, and she is now practicing at Kiukiang. She hopes, in time, when prejudice against women as physicians has been overcome, to carry



MEIYII SHIE, M.D.

on her practice in high-caste circles. At present her work is more or less of a missionary character. She writes to friends in America that there are encouraging indications in China that a new era is about to dawn upon that country, in which Christianity will have a stronger foothold than ever before. In the newly-established government college at Tien-tsin, over which an American presides, students are being secured from the Christian schools by order of Li Hung Chang, because "there the best material would be found." The accompanying photograph shows the young maiden from the Flowering Kingdom in Occidental garb, which she adopted while at the university, only donning her more becoming Chinese costume upon high days and holidays and when she took her degree.

The first prize taken from the Spaniards after the commencement of hostilities was the merchant *Buena Ventura*, seized on April 23d by the gun-boat *Nashville* after a lively chase. Seven days after, the steamer *Argonauta* — the most important prize secured in Cuban waters, since she carried on board Colonel Cortijo, of the Third Spanish Cavalry, with nine of his staff and non-commissioned officers — was also captured by the *Nashville*. East Tennessee is proud of the fact that Commander Washburn Maynard, who ordered the first shots of the war fired and whose prowess also secured the



COMMANDER WASHBURN MAYNARD.

Argonauta, is a Knoxville man; and Newport News, Virginia, takes an equal pride in remembering that the *Nashville* was built at her dock and earned a bonus of \$55,000 for excess of speed. Commander Maynard is a son of Hon. Horace Maynard, who held the position of Postmaster-General under Hayes's administration. In 1862, while his father was in Washington as member of Congress from Tennessee, young Maynard was placed at the Naval Academy, where he remained until 1866. The following year Admiral Farragut received him on his staff and sailed for the European station. Commander Maynard has served with the North Atlantic squadron and on the Pacific coast. He has been employed upon various scientific work, and is an adept in the practical use of torpedoes. He is over six feet tall, very erect, fair complexion, blue-eyed, and decidedly handsome. Commander Maynard had a narrow escape with his life during the perilous yet successful attempt to cut the cable out of Cienfuegos. A shot passed over his head, inflicting a slight wound.

—Mrs. Ellen B. Ferguson, M.D., was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1896, and voted for Mr. William J. Bryan. Mrs. Ferguson is the leading woman politician of the new State of Utah, and one of its most distinguished citizens — "citizen" is used advisedly, for Utah is one of the four States which give universal suffrage to women. Besides attending to a large medical practice, she also holds the position of president of the Democratic club and of the Theosophical Society of Utah. She is gifted as an orator, and her services are much in request at political meetings and upon occasions



MRS. ELLEN B. FERGUSON, M.D.

of a public nature. Mrs. Ferguson's husband, who died about fifteen years ago, was a physician, and it was to assist him in his work that she took up the study of medicine. She comes of energetic and enterprising stock, being a lineal descendant of Earl Warwick, the "King-maker."

—The social event of last season in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, was the brilliant reception given at the executive mansion in honor of the début of Miss Helen Hastings, older daughter of Governor Hastings. Miss Hastings is the only young lady who ever made her début in Pennsylvania's executive mansion, and probably few young ladies anywhere have had such a triumphant initiation into the world of society. Prominent officials were present from all parts of the State, and the mansion itself was most uniquely and artistically decorated, the color effects being in pink and white.

The details were all carefully planned, and the reception was an auspicious omen for the maiden who has just blossomed into womanhood.

—From a machinist's bench to a position of social prominence and to the ranks of the millionaires is a long step. The older machinists employed in the Central Railroad shops in West Albany, New York, remember a bright young man who learned his trade with them years ago, and whose name was Gardiner C. Sims. He was born at Niagara Falls in 1845, received a common-school education, and then decided to apply himself to the machinist's trade. He was an excellent draughtsman, and after he had learned his trade at West Albany was employed as draughtsman, for three years, in the engineer department of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was next appointed superintendent of the J. C. Hoadley Engine Works, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, where he met Mr. Pardon Armington, also a machinist and a draughtsman, and the two invented a high-speed engine, particularly adapted for use by electric companies. The firm of Armington & Sims built over 3,000 of these engines and became very wealthy. Several months ago Mr. Sims withdrew from Armington & Sims, and organized the Vulcan Foundry Company, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island. He has also been associated with several other successful manufacturing and banking enterprises. His first great success was with the engine which ran the Edison dynamos at the Paris Electrical Exposition in 1881. Recently, he has received his commission as acting chief of engineers of the United States Navy, with the relative rank of lieutenant, so that his valuable services are now to be given to our government. Mr. Sims was one of the first Rhode Islanders to offer his services to the government, and he received the personal thanks of President McKinley.

—No speech made in Congress on the situation in Cuba stirred the hearts of Americans more deeply and did more to hasten



SENATOR JOHN M. THURSTON.

the appeal to arms than the eloquent and impassioned address of Senator John M. Thurston, of Nebraska, reviewing what he saw and heard during a tour of investigation on the island. A pathetic interest was attached to this address from the fact of the sudden death in Cuba of the Senator's beautiful and devoted wife, who accompanied him on his tour. The Senator's tribute to her memory, in the course of his address, brought tears to many eyes, and he himself was so overcome that at the conclusion of his speech he broke down and wept. Mrs. Thurston was a woman of rare taste and culture, and among her fancies was that of collecting rare china. In the foreground of our picture may be seen one of her famous collections.

—Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, of the Rough Riders, has had some amusing experiences with the volunteers who were sent South in such a hurry and with such peculiar ideas of military

discipline. While passing a private soldier on guard duty at San Antonio, Texas, the lieutenant-colonel observed that the volunteer was amusing himself by twirling his carbine in a very artistic way. As the officer passed he received, to his astonishment, this informal greeting from the man who was supposed to be on guard duty: "Good-evening, colonel!" On another occasion a visitor to camp, walking by the guard, inquired: "What kind of carbine is that you carry?" The guard at once handed his weapon to the inquirer, saying: "Just examine it for yourself!" One very warm evening at San Antonio Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt went outside of his tent in quest of fresh air. The guard on duty saw him, threw his gun on the ground, picked up a camp-stool, went over and sat down beside the officer, with the cheerful remark: "Oh, you are here, are you?" Of course these flagrant infractions of military discipline were entirely innocent, but to a regular-army man they seem unpardonable. The "kinks" will be taken out of the volunteers, however, before much time has passed. War is war.

—The latest addition to the grave and reverend body of legislators who compose the upper house at Washington is the Hon. William Van Amberg Sullivan, of Mississippi. Mr. Sullivan was appointed Senator by the Governor of Mississippi to fill the place made vacant by the death of Senator Walhall. Mr. Sullivan's preferment came about solely by reason of conspicuous merit and fitness; he did not seek the position. He is a native of Mississippi, having been born at Hay's Creek, in that State, in 1857. He was graduated from Mississippi University, and studied law in the office of the Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland. Mr. Sullivan was elected to the House of Representatives in 1896, and his course of action while a member of that body was such as to warrant the prediction that he will make a valuable member of the Senate. In politics Mr. Sullivan is classed as a silver Democrat. He is a brother-in-law of Congressman Bailey, the minority leader in the House. Unlike that gentleman, Mr. Sullivan is not given to much speech, but is quiet, thoughtful, and reserved in his demeanor.

—One of our numerous wide-awake correspondents in the field, Burr McIntosh, has had a varied career. A graduate of Yale, an adept at entertaining in a varied way — as a sleight-of-hand performer, an actor, a first-rate story-teller — Burr McIntosh has made himself widely known and generally recognized as a young man of decided talent and great versatility. He goes to the field of operations in Cuba not only to do special work for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, but also to secure material for a war drama, and to prepare himself for the part which he proposes to take in its performance. Mr. McIntosh is a wide-awake, energetic young man, and our readers may depend upon it that he will give a good account of himself at every opportunity. Another fighting war correspondent of LESLIE'S WEEKLY is Mr. Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., whose thorough exploration of Cuba and whose intimate association with the Cuban insurgents have specially qualified him for the work he is now performing. Mr. Dawley's recent article in LESLIE'S WEEKLY, in which he boldly proclaimed that the Cuban insurgents had no well-organized army, but simply embraced a number of bands of guerrillas and bush-fighters, attracted general attention. Careful inquiries, set on foot by the War Department, disclosed that Mr. Dawley was right, and that the Cuban insurgents, instead of numbering an organized force of twenty or thirty thousand men, as had been claimed, were hardly able to rally three thousand men at any one point, to co-operate with our forces. The War Department, which questioned some of Mr. Dawley's statements, finally vindicated him by reinstating him as Cuban expert in the bureau of military intelligence at headquarters. This was done by the direct order of Secretary of War Alger, and it reveals the care with which this efficient member of the Cabinet scrutinizes every detail of his department.



HON. WILLIAM VAN AMBERG SULLIVAN.

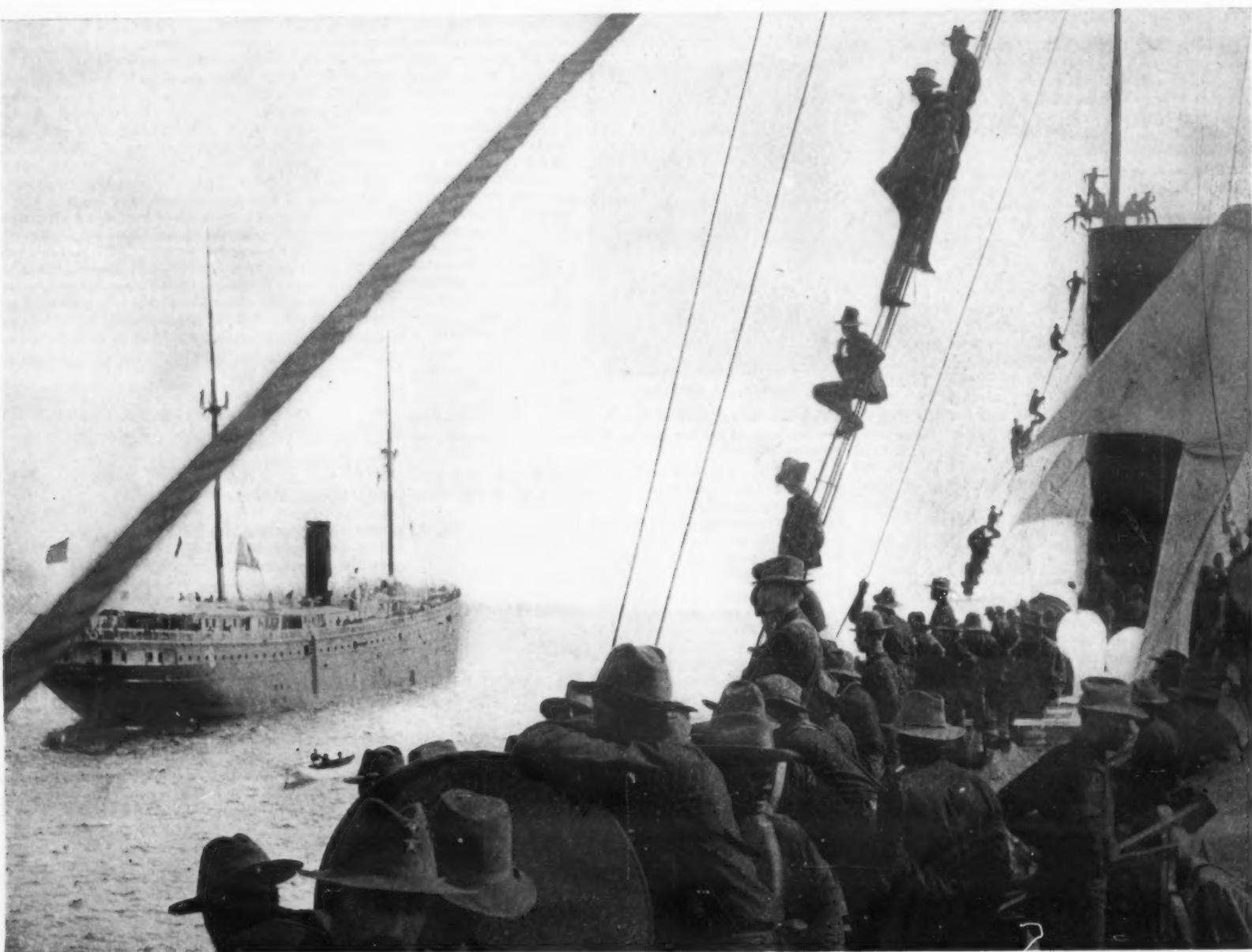
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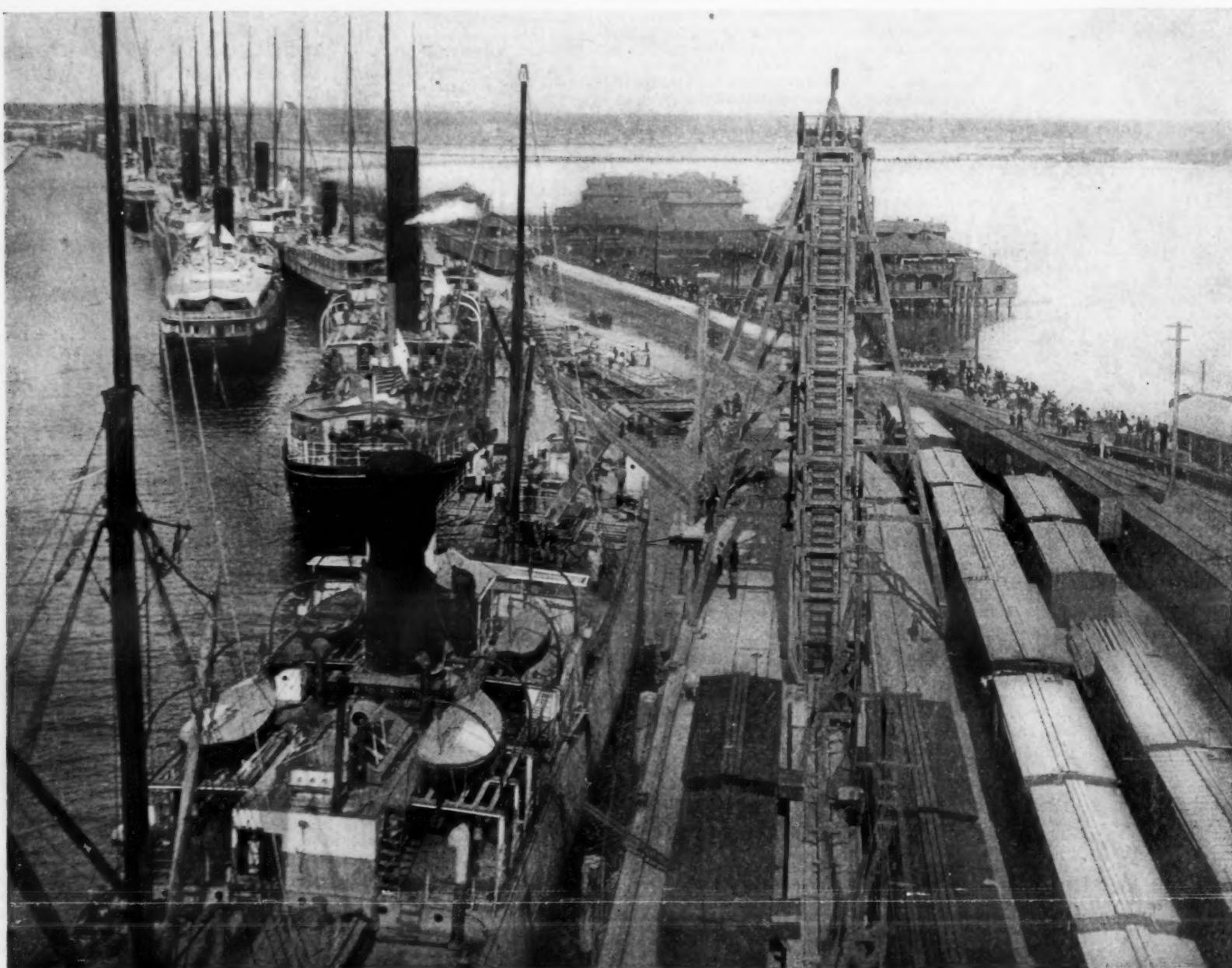
BURR MCINTOSH.



THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.



EXCITEMENT ON BOARD THE TRANSPORTS WHEN CUBA WAS FIRST SIGHTED.



THE LONG LINE OF TRANSPORTS AT TAMPA IMPATIENTLY AWAITING THE ORDER TO SAIL.



ENLISTING IN A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

A GRAND-ARMY VETERAN BRINGS IN HIS SON TO ANSWER HIS COUNTRY'S CALL.



COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' STORIES

Outside of Colorado, the only banker I have happened to meet who does business on this broad-gauge plan is Robe Dow, of the Sloughton State Bank, at Sloughton, Wisconsin.

I have always believed that one good turn deserves another. A landlord in a thriving little city in western Iowa had indorsed one of my drafts for \$100. After I had the money we walked back to the hotel. I noticed a worried look on the landlord's face. He asked how long I was going to be there.

"Oh, two or three days. Why?"

"Well, it's like this: I have got to raise fifty dollars to-day to pay some bills, and I wonder if you would not loan me fifty until you want to leave."

"Certainly, sir; here's the money. You can use the \$100 if you want to."

Fifty dollars was all he wanted. Now, I did not have anything to show that he owed me the money, but I am something of a judge of human nature. When I was ready to leave, the old gentleman not only returned the money, but cut my bill down to the rates usually paid by a star boarder.

I have stopped at hundreds of hotels, and always have been allowed to remain as long as I wanted to, with a single exception. It happened in this way: I arrived in a small but thriving village in central Wisconsin one winter's afternoon, and transacted my business the same day. The first train out did not leave until the following morning at 4:30, and the next at 10:30. "Mine host" this time was one of those typical Dutchmen for which Wisconsin is noted. When it came time for me to retire he showed me a comfortable room, and I requested him to give me a call for the 4:30 train. Now, I had been working hard and was completely tired out. It was with great satisfaction that I climbed into one of those good old-fashioned feather-beds, which have become almost a relic of bygone days. It did not seem more than ten minutes until I was partly awakened by some one pounding on the door, and when I answered he said:

"Come, get up. It's after four o'clock."

"Well, never mind," I replied. "I guess I won't go until the ten o'clock train."

"You won't go until ten o'clock? Well, I guess you will. I have sat up all night to call you, and now you have got to go."

It was the landlord. He had not dared to go to bed until I was called, because he might over-sleep. And so, much against my own inclinations, I left him on the train leaving Chilton, Wisconsin, at 4:30 A. M. I have not been there since, but when I do I will be more than pleased to grasp the hand of this faithful landlord.

W. J. P.

A Love Story.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19th, 1898.—I was on a trip in the interest of my house, and had taken passage for San Diego on the old side-wheeler, the *Orizaba*. The second night out was one of the most beautiful one could wish for. Some of us drummers were sitting in a group on the after-deck, smoking, joking, and telling experiences.

Ed Billings suddenly said: "I wonder what is the matter with Jack: he walks that side as though he were going to be sea-sick." We all turned at his words to look at the object of his solicitude, Jack Winters by name, a handsome young fellow who for fully two hours had been pacing up and down the deck. "Jack is all right," answered George Dunham. "He frequently gets a restless fit like this." "I'm going to ask him what the trouble is about," said Joe Tenner, and he called out: "Say, Jack! Jack! Come over here and take a seat. You make me nervous, walking up and down the deck. What's the matter with you, old man? Has she gone back on you?"

Winters smiled good-naturedly at the chaff we gave him, knocked the ashes off his cigar, helped himself to a stool, and finally said:

"I quit when I get back to San Francisco, and I'm going to Australia or some other place. You know I have been traveling down here for the last ten years, and many a tough old trip I've had—and lots of fun, too—when we used to stage the coast trip from Soledad to Los Angeles. I was traveling down through the San Gabriel Valley country in a team, in the spring of 1880, and was just getting into San Gabriel when a heavy storm came up and I was forced to stop at a road-house in the old town. I did not intend to stay longer than the night, but owing to the terrible rain-storms in the mountains I was delayed there five days. It is a quiet little town, but one of the prettiest on this earth. I put in my time as best I could, loafing around the store and visiting the old Mission San Gabriel."

"Was this before or after the Flood?" asked the irrepressible Miles.

Jack did not notice the interruption, but continued with his narrative. "And while in the old church, boys, I met as lovely a little girl as I ever saw. She was about seventeen years old, and had the biggest, sweetest gray eyes that ever looked out of a woman's face, and hair the color of old gold, that fell over her shoulders like a mantle. Well, boys, I at once lost my heart to this little maid; she seemed so entirely different from the girls I had associated with, and she told me she was an orphan, her father and mother having died in France while she was a child, and since their death the aunt with whom she lived had taken charge of her. This little woman fell in love with me, and in the two years that followed we corresponded regularly and I visited her at her home, with her aunt's consent, whenever I could. The old life seemed to have lost its charms, and instead of spending my money as fast as I could get rid of

it, I religiously saved all that I could, and, in looking forward to the time that Marie would be my wife, was as happy as the day was long.

"You all know that the winter of 1883 was a hard one, and my little Marie contracted a severe cold that developed into consumption. I was in San Luis Obispo one night, on my way down the coast, when I received a telegram that made my heart stand still. It merely said: 'Come at once; Marie is waiting for you.' I knew what that meant and the next morning I caught this old boat at Port Harford and started for San Pedro. I can't tell you how lonely I felt. I knew some of the boys who were aboard, but I passed the time as you saw me to-day and to-night. I did not go to my state-room. I stayed on the deck all night, listening to and keeping step with the throbs of the engine and watching the sky and waves."

He stopped for a moment, as though thinking of that dreary journey. All the boys were quiet; even their cigars had gone out, or had been thrown away.

"Finally we reached San Pedro, and I caught the train to Los Angeles, where I rushed to a livery-stable. I could not think of waiting for next morning's train, so I hired a saddle-horse and started as soon as possible for San Gabriel, a good twenty-eight-mile ride, first telegraphing Mrs. Le Neuf, Marie's aunt, of my starting. I arrived at my destination about dusk, and, reining up alongside the garden fence, rushed through the side gate to the house. The door was unlocked, and I walked in. Mrs. Le Neuf was coming to meet me, having heard the gate slam, and I could see that she had been crying. She held out one hand to me, and pointed with the other to Marie's room. The door was ajar, and as I entered the room she started up with a happy cry and stretched her poor little arms towards me. Something in my throat was choking me, and I could not find my voice, but she seemed to understand, for, as I slipped down by her bed, she put her arms around my neck and murmured, 'I knew you would come—I waited, Jack.'

"All that night I sat by her bed and held her close to me, her cheek against mine. At dawn she opened her eyes, and smiling up at me, whispered, 'It is best, dear.' I thought she was going to sleep, but that was all she said to me, for she never woke; she died in my arms. We buried her in the old churchyard, a few feet from the walls of the mission, and that spot holds all I ever loved."

Winters paused for a moment and, shading his eyes with his hand, looked out across the moon-lit waves. His voice was husky as he continued: "That is why I feel blue to-night, boys, and I am glad I have told you, for I don't want you to feel that it was unsociability that kept me away from you, only sometimes it isn't easy to feel that 'it is best.'" The boys had nothing to say; the jokers of the crowd were silent. I retired shortly afterward, and did not see Jack Winters again, he having left the steamer at a way port.

I. A. C.

An Episode I Laugh Over Now.

MACON, GEORGIA, April 20th, 1898.—In 1876, while employed to sell machinery for putting cotton in a marketable shape, and to look after and collect past-due notes, I had to call on a party who was behind in his payments. He lived thirty-two miles from the nearest railroad-station, in a lower county of Georgia, in what is called the wire-grass section, on account of the grass being long and round like wire.

I made my start early, with a horse and buggy. After going several miles I met a man, and asked him how far it was to Mr. —'s. He said, "You keep this road until you get to the creek, then take the right hand road and go 'two sights and a half,' and you will get to a farm, and they will tell you how to go." These "two sights and a half" worried me, as I had never heard of distance being measured that way. I resolved to inquire how far "sight" was on coming to the farm mentioned, which I found without any trouble. The farmer laughed at my ignorance, but explained that one sight was as far as I could see from where I stood, and when I got to that point I should take another sight. A half-sight was just half as far again.

I finally reached my destination. The party I wanted to see had a very nice plantation and home, a long lane leading from the main road to within a hundred yards of his house being occupied with a very handsome flower-garden. I fastened my horse and walked up to his house, inquired for him, and found him at home. I introduced myself and told him my business. He said he had no money, and could give me no satisfaction as to when he could pay. Having exhausted all argument, I finally told him I would have to take off part of his engine, so that he could not use it, and when he sent the money the piece would be returned. He willingly gave his consent, saying, "All right, go ahead."

I went out to his engine-house, found a wrench, and climbed upon the engine, and was using the wrench to good effect, when I heard a voice slowly and deliberately say: "Young man, I reckon you better leave that engin' alone!" I looked up and saw a double-barreled shotgun resting on the rail fence and the man behind it. It looked as if the holes in that gun were big enough to crawl into. Well, I got down, and the way I ran to my buggy would, under other circumstances, have given me the title of champion sprinter of the world. I reached the buggy safely, and spared not the horse nor any time asking for directions.

I have since heard that my "friend" likes to tell how he made that town chap get off his "engin'" and run for his life.

A. B. SUBERS.

A Peculiar Coincidence.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, April 4th, 1898.—One of the most peculiar incidents that ever happened in my twenty-five years of travel on the road occurred at Pittsburg. I went to a ticket-office at the depot to purchase a ticket to New York. I saw eleven cents lying on the counter, which had probably been left by the person who had bought a ticket just before me. I said, jocularly, to the ticket-agent, "Rope it in." The ticket-agent at once gave me a ticket to "Roup." The curious part to me was that I had never heard of the town of Roup, and that eleven cents was just the fare from Pittsburg to Roup. I found that the town was a suburb of Pittsburg, and I still have the ticket,

[These stories are printed in continuation of the series in the competition for the prizes offered by LESLIE'S WEEKLY for the best long and short narrative of a personal experience by a commercial traveler. The competition closed on the 1st of June, and the prizes will be awarded after the numerous stories on hand have been published.—EDITOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

A Drummer's Experiences with Bankers and Landlords.

MADISON, WISCONSIN, March 8th, 1898.—For several years it was my lot to travel over a number of States, and during that time I was on the road twelve months in the year. It had been my custom to depend on hotel men to cash my drafts. But down in "bleeding" Kansas is where I had my first experience. I reached the town "broke," but received a check for \$100 at the post-office. I handed it to the landlord, with the request that he cash it.

"Not by a blanked sight," he replied.

"Why not?"

"I don't know you, and, besides, I never cash checks for any one. Wouldn't cash one for my brother."

"Well, perhaps you would go down to the bank with me?"

"Oh, yes."

So we started for the bank. On entering I observed that there were several men inside, whom I judged to be farmers. The landlord blurted out to the cashier: "John, this man has been stopping at the hotel to-day. He's got a check which I refused to cash. You can do as you please."

I stepped up to the cashier's window. He examined my check, and said he required an indorser. The landlord had gone.

"I do not know a person in your town," I said, "but here are ten or twelve mileage-books on each of which is my signature."

"Oh, you might have stolen those when you stole the check," the cashier had the audacity to remark.

"There probably is no law to compel you to cash the check," I replied, "but I do not want any more of your insinuations. That check is as good as gold. If you have not got that much mœny in your safe, why don't you say so?"

By this time several more persons had entered the bank, and I began to give quite a lecture on the instability of banking institutions in that section, endeavoring to impress on the farmers the idea that this bank was liable to fail. The cashier evidently did not want a run, and reluctantly paid the money. This was about the experience I met with in several Kansas towns, and afterwards I always managed to have sufficient money with me.

Quite in contrast with this was my experience with the broad-minded bankers of Colorado. While stopping at one of the leading hotels in Denver I became acquainted with a gentleman from the East, who asked me to go down to one of the banks with him. He went to the cashier's window, presented a check for \$600, remarking that he wanted the money, and did not know a person in the city. The cashier counted out the money. I was somewhat surprised at this transaction. A few days afterward I received a remittance at Colorado Springs, and thought I would try my luck. So, stepping into the leading bank, I simply indorsed the draft and handed it to the cashier. Without a word he counted out the money. I saw it was short twenty-five cents, and so informed him.

"We charge that for cashing drafts of that size," he replied.

"Strange, indeed!" I exclaimed. "I should think you ought to be willing to pay me something for New York exchange."

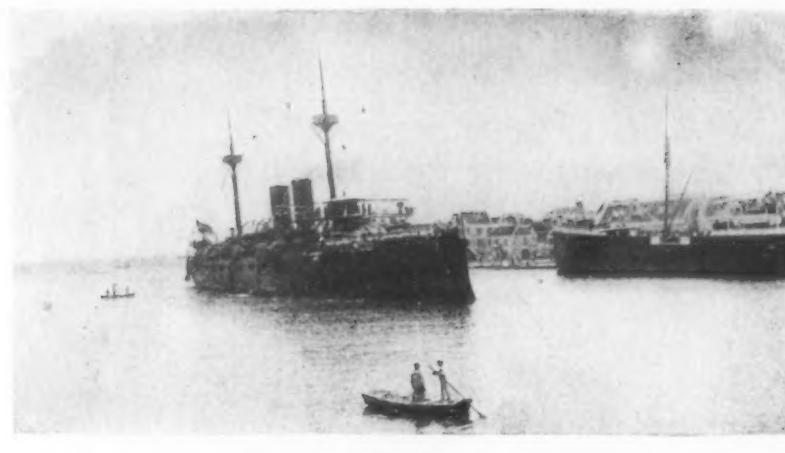
"Well, if you don't want to pay it, give me the money. There is your draft."

"Oh, that's all right, if that is your custom. You don't seem to put a man to much trouble in securing identification."

"We never put a person to that trouble," said the cashier. "When a stranger steps in here we size him up, and if we think he's all right we cash his draft. If we think he is not all right we will not cash his paper if all the merchants in the city endorse it."

"How's that?"

"Well, suppose a merchant indorses a check or draft, and it should prove worthless. It makes an enemy for us, and, besides, if we should be compelled to force collection it might cost all we would get. We prefer to make a small charge and take our chances."



"VIZCAYA."



"INFANTA MARIA TERESA."

and when the boys are telling their stories I bring out this ticket and tell a matter-of-fact one, which always brings out a laugh.

S. T. C.

(To be continued.)

Americans All.

HARK! mid the clangor of war's alarms
A nation is calling her sons to arms ;
A mighty nation, whose boundary strands
Are Atlantic's shores and Pacific's sands,
In the sunny South and the bracing North
They are hearing her call, " My sons, come forth."
" Aye, aye," they answer that ringing call ;
" Brothers are we, Americans all."

She can hear the tramp of their marching feet
From the lonely plain and the city's street—
Merchant, mechanic, and student and seer,
Farmer and hunter and mountaineer ;
World-worn manhood and youth and health,
Empty-handed or blessed with wealth,
They march and they answer their country's call,
" Brothers are we, Americans all."

" Hail ! who are ye with your step so true ?"
" We are the men who have worn the blue."
" And you, with the martial air to-day ?"
" We are the men who have worn the gray."
" Foemen once, but our battles past,
We stand 'neath one glorious flag at last ;
We join our hands at Liberty's call ;
Brothers are we, Americans all."

Valiant and varied the cohorts that come :
Men of trade from the city's hum ;
Sons of adoption from over the main ;
Cowboys rough from the Western plain ;
Stalwart blacks, whose fathers were slaves,
And freedom's own children, the red-skinned braves ;
They fall into ranks at Columbia's call,
Brothers united, Americans all.

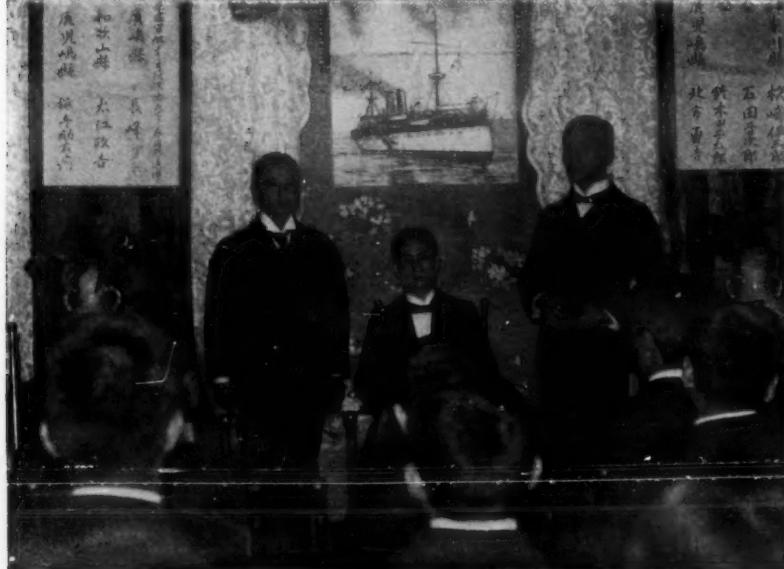
ANNA R. HENDERSON.

A Japanese Memorial Service.

MOURNING THE DEATH OF VICTIMS OF THE "MAINE."

QUITE a number of Japanese are employed on the war-ships of the United States, and it was therefore not surprising that among those who were killed on the *Maine* were men of that nationality. Only two, out of the whole number of nine Japanese employed on the ill-fated vessel, managed to escape. Impressive memorial services in honor of the dead were recently held by the Japanese colony, at the Sugisaki Club in Brooklyn, established by Issa Sugisaki, one of the victims, whose picture has already appeared in LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Over seventy Japanese, coming from all parts of New York, including the Japanese vice-consul, were in attendance.

The meeting was presided over by the Rev. Hirose, of the Japanese Christian Institute, who paid an eloquent tribute to



JAPANESE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN HONOR OF THE MEN WHO DIED ON THE "MAINE."

his dead countrymen. He was followed by K. Kushida and F. Awo, the two Japanese survivors of the explosion, who gave an account of the blowing up of the *Maine*. They are the two men seen standing in the accompanying photograph. The Japanese inscriptions, which appear on each side of the picture of the *Maine*, are the names of the dead in whose memory the service was held.

The "Bottled-up" War-ships.

THE old saying that "seeing is believing" may be applied with an unusual degree of satisfaction to the pictures of the two vessels of Admiral Cervera's fleet reproduced on this page. These are photographs of Admiral Cervera's flag-ship, the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, and the *Vizcaya*, taken by Captain B. S. Osborn, United States Army, when these ships were engaged in the rare old game of hide-and-seek in and about the Caribbean Sea. Captain Osborn has recently related in these columns how he came to be the first to discover and identify these elusive ships of Spain off the port of Curaçoa. Like the vigilant servant of the government that he is, Captain Osborn at once put his kodak into operation and obtained ocular proof of his discovery. The other vessels present at the time were the battle-ships, the *Cristobal Colon* and the *Almirante Oquendo*, and the two torpedo-boat destroyers, the *Pluton* and the *Furor*. All these were in a bad way, the ships from lack of coal and the men from lack of rations. After improving their condition somewhat, Admiral Cervera and his ships went on their way to meet their fate in the harbor of Santiago.

The Gayeties of War.

HOW THE MONOTONY OF THE SAILORS' LIFE IS RELIEVED.

NOT the least encouraging feature of our present war with Spain is the fact that our soldiers and sailors, while doing their grim duty in the face of the most serious obstacles, yet retain all the native Yankee humor for which our race is justly famous. When the North Atlantic squadron was still stationed at Key West the resourceful blue-jackets of our monitors found diversion in organizing a unique series of bicycle races, held upon the cleared decks of those deadliest of naval fighting monsters. Later, when the blockade was established and one Spanish prize after another was caught in the meshes of Admiral Sampson's drag-net, the mirth of the whole fleet was aroused by the amusing capture of the Spanish auxiliary cruiser *Panama* by the light-house tender *Mangrove*, the homeliest and most insignificant vessel of the fleet, and by the ludicrous capitulation of the Spanish captain and his crew to a single American ensign armed with a chaplain's revolver.

Another similar contribution to the gayety of nations was when the British man-of-war *Talbot* had to show her colors in mid-ocean, in response to a solid shot across her bow from an infinitesimal Yankee tug, advancing upon the mighty cruiser as if to engage her then and there.

The latest exhibition of American drollery now comes to us in the form of a fac-simile programme of farewell exercises held on board the flag-ship off Santiago de Cuba on the night before Lieutenant Hobson took the *Merrimac* into the jaws of death. It seems that one of the men who went with Hobson asked that the band on board the flag-ship that evening might play "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." Going him one better the bandmaster arranged for the following elaborate programme of specially selected pieces :

ARMORED CRUISER NEW YORK, FLAG-SHIP NORTH ATLANTIC STATION.

*Must*er.—"Iowa," "Texas," "Oregon," "Dolphin," "New York," "New Orleans," "Massachusetts," "Marblehead," "Mayflower," "Brooklyn," "Harvard," "Porter," "Vixen."

Newspaper Fleet.—3 Boats.
Collier.—"Merrimac."
(Farewell.)

"ON GUARD" OFF "SANTIAGO DE CUBA."
"SCHLEY" Men with the strength of "SAMPSON" in the
"MERRIMAC."

A TRUE NAVAL DRAMA—the real old McCoy.

LATEST SONG TO-NIGHT:

"Are you going to come out to-night ? If so, step lively ; we're going to lock the door."

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC.

MARCH.....	"For Love or War".....	ARONSON
OVERTURE.....	"Bronze Horse".....	AUBER
WALTZ.....	"Jolly Brothers".....	VOLSTEDT
"Surprise Medley"		BRAHAM
"The Song That Reached My Heart"		JORDAN
QUADRILLE.....	"The Rialto".....	DEWITT

WEDNESDAY, JUNE THE FIRST, 1898.

Ensign Gillis, a Naval Hero.

So many things are being done by the men in the service that now and then we may forget. But we can't forget Dewey

and Hobson and Sergeant Hamilton Fish, nor John Blair Gibbs—each for a different reason ; nor can we forget

Ensor Gillis, executive officer of the *Porter*.

This incident is quoted from the *New York Evening Post*:

One dark night Admiral Cervera sent a destroyer out from Santiago harbor, and, whatever happened to the destroyer, the next morning some German torpedoes were floating around.

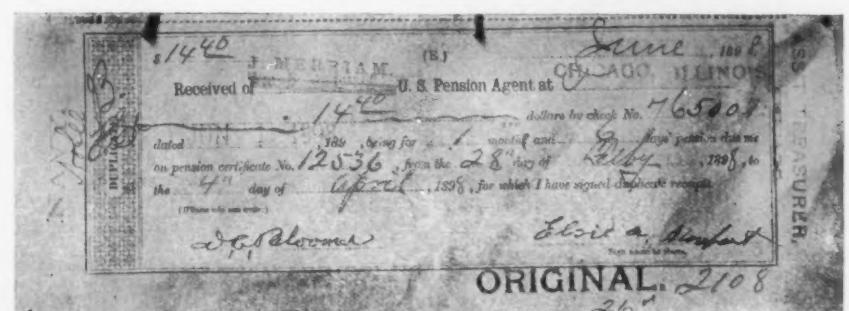
"One," said Captain Fremont, of the *Porter*,

"was coming straight for my little boat. Do you know Gillis ? Has



ENSIGN GILLIS.

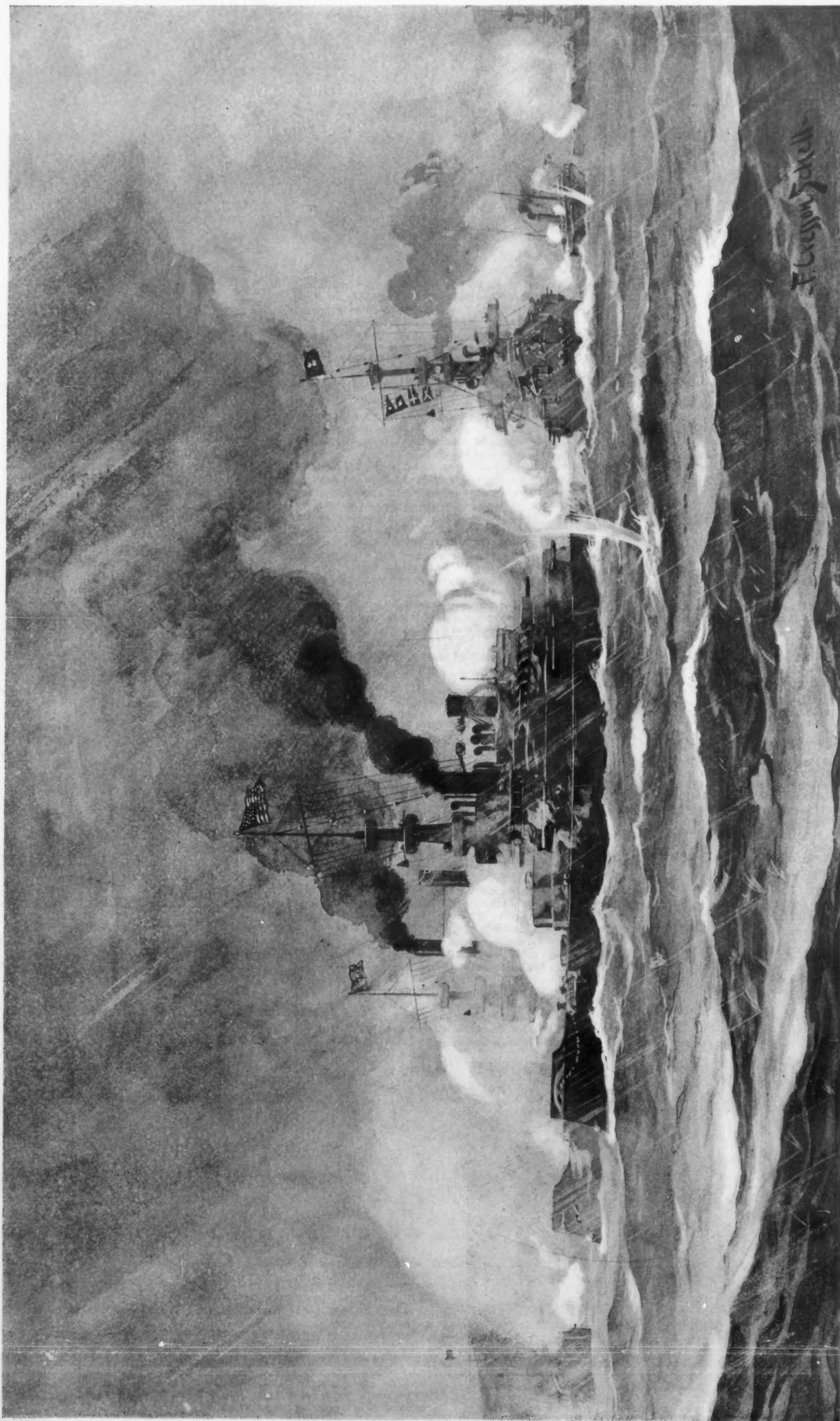
nothing in his composition but plain nerve. I have to watch him all the time ; but this time he was too quick for me. The torpedo was coming slowly ; if it touched our side there would be nothing more for any of us except a bed under water. He had his shoes off and his coat before I knew it. 'Don't do it, Gillis ; she's got her war nose on.' 'I'll unscrew it, sir,' said the boy, and over the side he went, threw his arms around the torpedo, headed it away from us, and then began feeling for its business end. Well, the air-cock opening, the torpedo dived from the ensign's arms to the bottom." The photograph of Ensign Gillis was taken three years ago, when he was a naval cadet.



FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST PENSION RECEIPT.

The First Pension Receipt of the Present War.

THE point of interest in the little document which we reproduce in fac-simile above lies in the fact that it is the original receipt for the first pension money paid out by the United States government on account of the present war. It is for \$14.40, the first allowance paid to Mrs. Elsie A. Monfort, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, for the death of her son, William F. Monfort, who lost his life in the explosion of the *Maine*. The government will hereafter pay Mrs. Monfort twelve dollars per month during her lifetime. The pension check was paid June 1st by Colonel Merriam, United States pension agent at Chicago.



Massachusetts,
New Orleans.

Yankee,

New York.

Oregon.

Iowa.

Brooklyn.

Texas.

BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO DURING A TROPICAL RAIN-STORM.

BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST.



CARRYING THE WAR INTO SPAIN.

THE FORMIDABLE TRANSATLANTIC FLEET WITH WHICH COMMODORE WATSON WILL CHALLENGE THE SPANIARDS.

NEWARK

ALEXANDER

IOWA

ABERDEEN

OREGON

Yosemite Sc/India

White Cliffs

•F. Cresson Thrull.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

In the Enemy's Country.

THE STORY OF OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT'S ESCAPE FROM CAGUAS AND HIS VENTURE SOME RIDE THROUGH PORTO RICO UNTIL HE FELL IN WITH THE INSURGENTS—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING WITH A SPANISH TORPEDO-BOAT.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

SANTA CRUZ, DANISH WEST INDIES, June 9th, 1898.—Having cabled home the three words, "Judge, New York, Safe"—a laconic message which bereft me of the last three Danish dollars in my possession—I am glad to record the receipt of an almost instantaneous reply over the Panama cable, transmitted to me through Frank Schell, LESLIE'S WEEKLY's war artist in St. Thomas, to wit:

Emil enersohn santacruz congratulations old man steamship madiana will call for you frederickst your roommate safe and will meet you sainthomas first class passage home prepaid for you lucky dog Frank Schell.

To make the purport of this welcome though ill-punctuated message plain to the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY there must needs be a record of some purely personal events of the last fortnight. Shortly after the dispatch of my recent letter to New York from the Spanish guard-house in Caguas, and after the filing of my formal protest to the German consul in Porto Rico, it occurred to me that the shortest cut to liberty was the best. If I let things take their course, awaiting consular intercession, the chances were that I would languish in jail for weeks or months, with a possible prospect of having the true military object of my mission become known after all. That would mean short shift. As I reflected on the more or less spurious character of my credentials, and on the danger of making bad matters worse for Whitney, the luckless emissary of our War Department, who by this time must have effected his perilous landing on the other side of Porto Rico, my determination to take the issue into my own hands became fixed.

I had been left to my own devices now for several hours, and it was nearly noon. I recalled the generous permission of the Spanish *alcalde* that I might buy my own meals, and accordingly I summoned the sentinel who had been placed at the door of the guard-house. He proved to be the same man that had taken me in charge at the city gate, so we smiled at each other like old friends. Clapping hands on my hungry stomach, I said in rueful Spanish, *Quiero almuerzo*, for breakfast was the only proper term to apply to the meal I wanted.

"*En que puedo yo ayudar a Vd, señor?*" inquired the little soldier, encouragingly; and replied, mustering all my Spanish of the market-place: "Bring me bread, butter, milk, coffee, meat, and a bottle of wine!"

This list of victuals seemed to strike him as formidable, and he informed me in voluble Castilian that bread cost fifty *centavos* a pound, that butter was not to be had for love or money, that wine would be cheaper than milk, and that meat of any kind would be very, very dear. It was all on account of those accursed *Americanos*.

"Get what you can," I said, hungrily, and drawing forth my slender stock of Spanish money, I gave him a couple of Porto Rican dollars newly minted. He disappeared with alacrity, locking the door behind him. As soon as he was gone I made haste to extract a bright twenty-five-peseta gold piece from under the false inner sole of my shoe, where I carried most of my wealth in English sovereigns, and then I waited for my breakfast, pulling impatiently on the cold briar pipe that I had kept as a last souvenir of Lieutenant Whitney.

At last my friend the sentinel returned with a darky who bore a platter incumbered with an ample *almuerzo*. With a lordly gesture I waived the question of change. The little soldier's eyes glistened greedily, and I fancy mine did likewise, as I fell to. While I ate, I thought deeply, and when I arose the proper Spanish phrases came readily to my tongue.

"You, too, must be hungry, *mi amigo*," I said, "and it is not right that a soldier of Spain should starve while his German friend eats. When do you breakfast?"

"I have had my morning coffee, *señor*," answered the soldier, but I interrupted him, saying: "That is not enough. You are losing your meals and your siesta here on my account, and it is but right that you should be served as well as your prisoner. Here is a small coin," I continued, producing my twenty-five *pesetas*, and, silencing all objections with a deprecatory gesture, I placed the bright gold piece in his itching palm.

"Oh, *señor!*" he faltered, "I should not take this, only we have not received our pay for six weeks, and my sweetheart is very poor."

"She will rejoice with you," said I, "so you had better go straight to her and remain with her as long as you like. Be happy and comfortable, only see to it that I, too, am left free to be happy and comfortable like you."

After this elaborate speech, taxing all my Spanish resources, I winked a plain American wink and added, casually: "I trust his Excellency the *alcalde* is enjoying his siesta."

The man understood me, clearly, but my heart sank within me when I saw him close the grated door and turn the key in the padlock as usual. A minute afterward I heard him turn the corner, whistling. Seized by an impulse of resentment, I mounted the guard-house bench and peered out at him through a small window-grating admitting air and light to my cell. He looked up at me, grinning as he passed, and tossed his head significantly back toward the door. Then he went on his way whistling as before. I flew to the door, and, passing my hand through the grating, tested the padlock. The catch was open. I took the padlock off and put it in my pocket. Then I pushed open the heavy door and stepped out into the court-yard, a free man. There was no other sentinel. I walked out into the street and found it deserted, for it was the time of the mid-day siesta. The brass shaving-plate of a barber and surgeon caught my eye, and I recalled my beard and the prominence given to it in my passport, where it was duly recorded under the head of *señales as barba rubia*.

Now or never was the time to rid myself of this ruby article which had called forth so much contempt from my ship-mates, including even Lieutenant Whitney, in the furtherance of

whose plans it had been allowed to grow. I entered the shop and aroused the barber from his siesta in the back room. Without a word I pointed to my beard and settled down in his primitive chair. Ten minutes later I was beardless. I sauntered forth into the street, after settling my score, and, turning a corner, recognized the blacksmith's shop where I had left my horse. In the yard stood several ponies, among them my own, but of the smith or his apprentices nothing was to be seen. From some children at play in the yard I learned that all the men were asleep. I examined my horse and found it still unshod and as lame as ever. Another horse, cream-colored and of possessing appearance, stood beside it. Three of his feet were newly shod, and he looked fit for almost anything. I looked around for my saddle, but could not see it anywhere. A bridle hung within convenient reach. Without further ado I slipped the bridle over the halter on the cream-colored pony's head and vaulted on his glossy back. As I dug my heels into his sides, I hoped fervently that he might prove an easy-gaited beast. All worry on that score was dispelled as he settled down to the peculiar pace that is one of the first virtues of the Porto Rican saddle-horse. I held him in for a while, lest the too rapid clatter of his hoofs excite suspicion, and thus I rode out of Caguas, avoiding the main road through the city gate. As I struck the open country I gave my horse his head, wondering, as we left the town behind us in a cloud of dust, which of us would be missed first.

At the very first cross-road I turned in and rode straight for the hills, due east. That direction suited me as well as any, for I knew that I might expect pursuit all along the line between San Juan and Ponce, and also westward, since a letter of introduction to a German planter on the west coast had figured among my confiscated papers. Toward the east, on the other hand, the coast was clear, and possibly within my reach. Eastward, therefore, I rode, avoiding well-traveled roads in favor of the rougher mountain trails, and shunning all human beings, until at nightfall I judged that a good score of miles lay between me and Caguas in the west. Then only, I let my tired horse have some rest, hobbling him for the night near a palm-shaded spring of gushing water, while I was glad enough to stretch my tired body out in the soft green grass of the hill-slope for a long, unbroken sleep. I woke up drenched with dew, and with the morning sun beckoning me onward toward my deliverance in the east. My first thought was for my foundling pony. All the stiffness of my joints and the worry that had beset me in my dreams seemed to vanish when I heard him crunching some prickly-pear stalks in the underbrush near by. Headless of cactus-thorns I pushed straight through the sharp chaparral to his side, to stroke and pat his glossy neck and sturdy legs, none the worse for wear.

So we resumed our eastward journey, riding incessantly for one more day and a night, and depending for our food upon the plentiful fruits, nuts, and plants that grew by the wayside, until, during the forenoon of the third day, a turn of the mountain trail brought me face to face with the sea. Here I was lucky enough to fall in with a straggling band of insurgents, who, divining my plight, brought me to the *hacienda* of a wealthy planter—a man evidently in sympathy with their cause. This gentleman furnished me with an escort of *insurrectos* recruited from his plantation, and gave orders to place me on board a certain Spanish schooner bound for Santa Cruz with sugar from his plantation. The captain of this boat received me with undisguised misgivings, but consented to take the passage-money offered him, provided he could land me where he chose and after dark so as to avoid complications with the authorities of Santa Cruz. To this I agreed, and so we set sail, skirting the reefs of the eastern promontories of Porto Rico.

It was late in the evening when we rounded the western end of the island of Vieques. Suddenly the lookout reported a man-of-war coming straight for us. I went to the bow and my heart leaped within me as I thought I recognized the lines of one of Admiral Sampson's torpedo scouts. Our captain, too, came to the conclusion that it was an American *torpedero*, and fell on his knees to call upon all the saints of the Spanish calendar. Swiftly the threatening vessel approached through the darkness. Of a sudden I realized that her lines were not those of any American torpedo craft known to me. If not American there was but one alternative. In that case I was lost.

I hastened to where the skipper was groveling on the deck, and, shaking him roughly by the shoulder, bellowed in his ear that the vessel was "*un torpedero Español*." At the same moment she hailed us, in Spanish, and we hove to. Our captain, who had regained his senses, proposed that I should hide in the hold, but I thought it safer to take my chances as a sailor in the rigging. There, at least, I could divest myself of certain maps and scribbled memoranda concealed in my shoes, which, if found upon my person, would prove my undoing.

As a boat put off from the Spanish *torpedo-destroyer*, therefore, I climbed aloft. By the time the young officer in command of the gig had reached our deck to interrogate our captain, I was hanging with both arms over the gaff, seasick as a dog, and thinking every moment my last. All went well, however. The Spanish officer, after a cursory examination of our schooner's Spanish papers, appeared satisfied, and presently went over our ship's side to return to his vessel, *El Terror*, while we proceeded on our way. I slid down from the rigging, and rashly promised the captain to pay him double the price agreed upon. This I regretted twenty-four hours afterward, when he landed me at midnight on a wild strip of beach in some unknown bay of the island of Santa Cruz.

The rest of that night was spent in reaching the famous post-road, lined with coconut palms and guava trees, which brought me at last to the little telegraph-station of Fredericksted, where it was possible for the first time since I had started out for Porto Rico to enter into communication with my friends. There, too, I received the curiously worded message which assured me not only of the successful arrival of Lieutenant Whitney, my erstwhile room-mate at St. Thomas, but also held out a golden promise of my own safe return to New York.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

Schley's Hot Work.

INTERESTING DETAILS OF HIS ACTIVE AND EFFECTIVE WORK WITH THE FLYING SQUADRON SINCE HE LEFT HAMPTON ROADS—HOW HE DISCOVERED CERVERA AT SANTIAGO AND BOTTLED HIM UP—WAR-VESSELS IMPATIENT OVER THE DELAY IN THE ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS—HOBSON'S WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT AS DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS—LITTLE HELP FROM THE CUBAN INSURGENTS—AN INTERESTING LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WITH THE AMERICAN FLEET OFF SANTIAGO, June 19th, 1898.—The distance traversed is long and the events that have happened since I last wrote from Hampton Roads are many. From Hampton Roads we moved out on May 13th for Key West. At Key West, May 19th, we got orders to proceed to the southern coast of Cuba and endeavor to find the Spanish squadron. Commodore Schley started at once with an inferior fleet to find Cervera. At Cienfuegos, the first stopping-place, we arrived on Sunday, May 21st, and found no fleet. The *Minneapolis*, the *St. Paul*, the *Harvard*, and the *Yale* had all asserted that the Spanish fleet was not in Santiago harbor. Schley believed otherwise. His squadron had been strengthened by the addition of the *Iowa* and *Marblehead*, and on Saturday night we arrived off Santiago, and on Sunday morning at six o'clock we saw the Spanish fleet.

For two nights he kept the Spaniards hemmed in, and then he determined to drive farther up the two ships that could plainer be seen from the entrance, and this was done on Tuesday, May 31st. On Thursday, Rear-Admiral Sampson appeared with several more battle-ships, and the blockade was put in force vigorously. On Friday morning, June 3d, the collier *Merrimac* was sunk in the neck of the harbor. On Monday, June 6th, Rear-Admiral Sampson ordered a general bombardment of the forts, to see what defense would be made. As has been the case in all such bombardments, there was really little visible destruction.

I am asked to deny the story of several newspapers that Commodore Schley sent a challenge to Cervera, offering to meet his fleet with his (Schley's) smallest vessel. Schley is anything but a blusterer, and is well aware that the four splendid ships of Spain would give an equal number of our ships a severe test and a heavy battle.

Since Schley so famously bottled the Spanish fleet we have, with one or two exceptions, been swinging idly with the tide or the wind. And the twelve war-vessels have waited, and while waiting have burned up thousands of tons of coal and wasted badly the nerve tissue of the United States man-o'-war's-man. During these two weeks the defenses on both land and water sides of Santiago have been greatly strengthened, and that means that more, many more, American lives will be sacrificed in the attacks. Chafing under the delay that went on from day to day, the 600 marines brought here by the *Panther* were put ashore on June 11th at Guantanamo, forty miles east of Santiago, to protect the war-ships while they coaled from the colliers. The Spanish, numbering five to their one, lay on the hills, near them. By day the marines had nothing to fear, for the batteries of the *Marblehead* and the *Texas* covered them, but the second night of their bivouac an outpost was surprised and the men not killed in battle, but murdered.

Naturally the question arises, Where were the insurgents? I but share the opinion of all others here, that we shall get little or no help from the Cuban insurgents. Those with whom we communicate have no information and no business except to ask for food and ammunition and arms. Lieutenant-Commander Delaney, Commander McCalla, and Lieutenant Sharpe have all done brave and efficient work in landing expeditions. In two weeks I have seen 3,000 rifles, 1,000 carbines, and 50,000 rounds of ammunition landed right in the vicinity of where this massacre took place. The insurgents have claimed to have spies in all the places, but Lieutenant Blue and Lieutenant Harlow have obtained more information about Santiago and the country about it than all the insurgents put together.

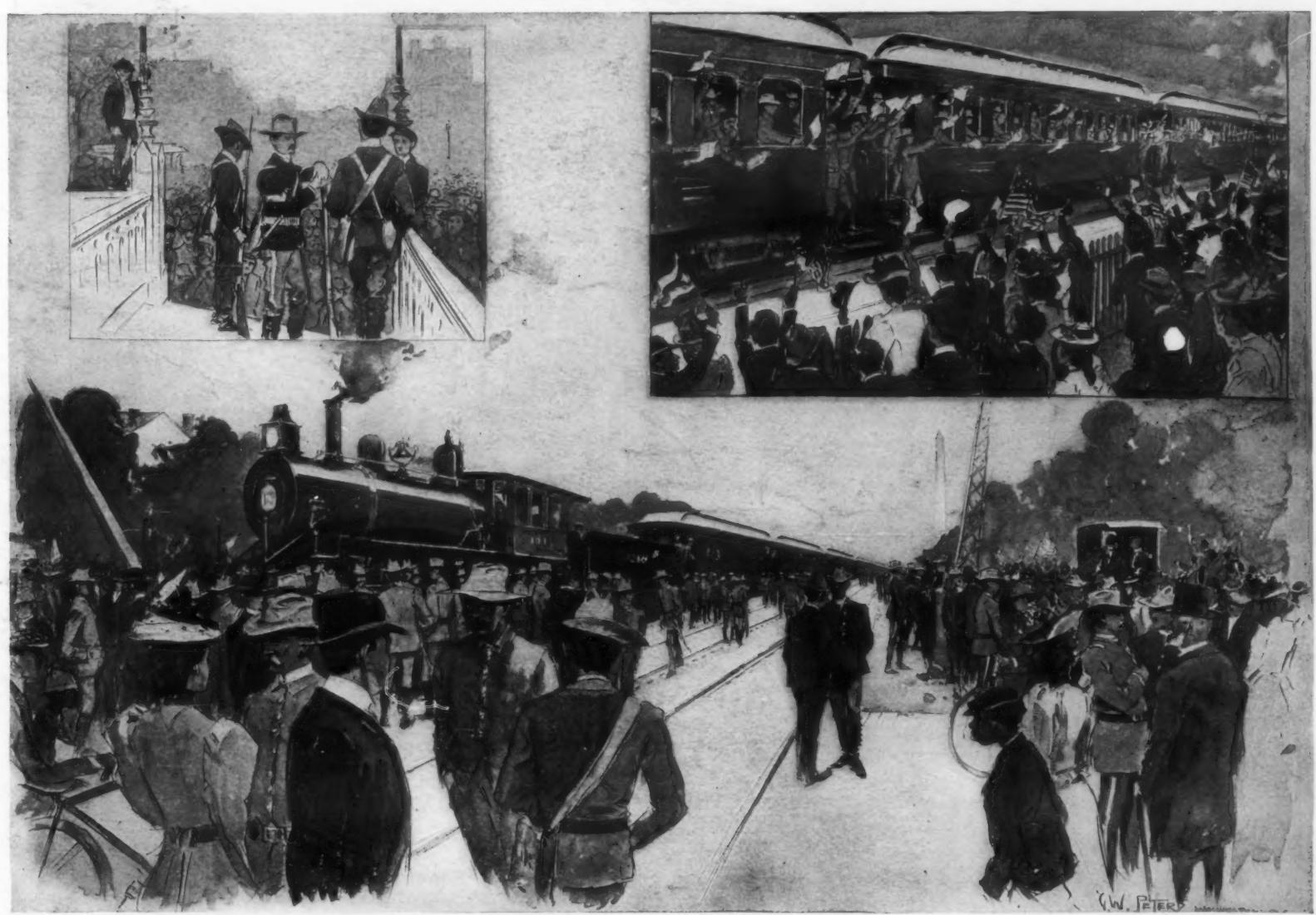
I was an eye-witness of Hobson's magnificent exploit. Hobson is a very young man, reserved and thoughtful in demeanor, but acknowledgedly brilliant and brave. When he first asked permission to bottle up the Spanish fleet by sinking the *Merrimac* at the mouth of the channel it was refused, but after much insistence, and after consultation with Commodore Schley, Admiral Sampson consented, although warning Hobson that he believed it meant certain death. It was two o'clock on the morning of June 3d that the expedition finally got away. On the bridge of the *Brooklyn* stood Commodore Schley, Flag-lieutenant Sears, Captain Murphy, Dr. De Valin, and the writer. Lieutenant Rush, officer of the deck, with his glass on the doomed ship, said at precisely 2:15, "She is moving," and from that time on for over an hour not a word passed any one's lips. The moon shone quite brightly toward the black background. The white stone face sharply against the black background. The coal steamer, without a light of any kind and not showing a particle of smoke, moved along like a black snake on the bosom of the dark, gray sea. On the bridge as she passed under the *Brooklyn's* stern could be seen five of the gallant crew.

Slowly she steamed along toward the black opening beneath Morro, that, faced by two sharp hills, looked like a yawning cavern of death. At 3:15 exactly the black speck, now four miles away from us, entered between those grinning jaws. For ten minutes hearts beat faster and faster. At 3:25 a Spanish gun on shore spit her first fire, and then in an instant the dark mouth became a caldron of fire and shell, the water whipped into a phosphorescent glare by the falling shot. Hearts fell at the sight, and prayers went up for the safety of the men, for whom but little hope existed. Until daylight we sat waiting anxiously for a possible sign of life after the firing had ceased. Just after daylight a little steam-launch manned by men from the *New York* steamed from near the mouth of the batteries and announced "Nobody has returned!" Until three o'clock that afternoon it was thoroughly believed that the men had met with death as a reward for their heroism. At that time the flag of truce from shore announced the men's miraculous escape. And you should have heard the men on all the big ships yell with delight.

GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.



THE DINNER-HOUR AT CAMP ALGER—THE HAPPY LINE OF HUNGRY MEN.



ENTHUSIASTIC FAREWELL TO THE DEPARTING VOLUNTEERS.



PRESIDENT AND MR. MCKINLEY REVIVING THE VOLUNTEERS AT CAMP ALGER, NEAR WASHINGTON.



MOTHERS AND SWEETHEARTS BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO THE BOYS IN BLUE.

WAR SCENES IN WASHINGTON.

THE PATRIOTIC SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL STIRRED BY THE TRAMP OF TROOPS.

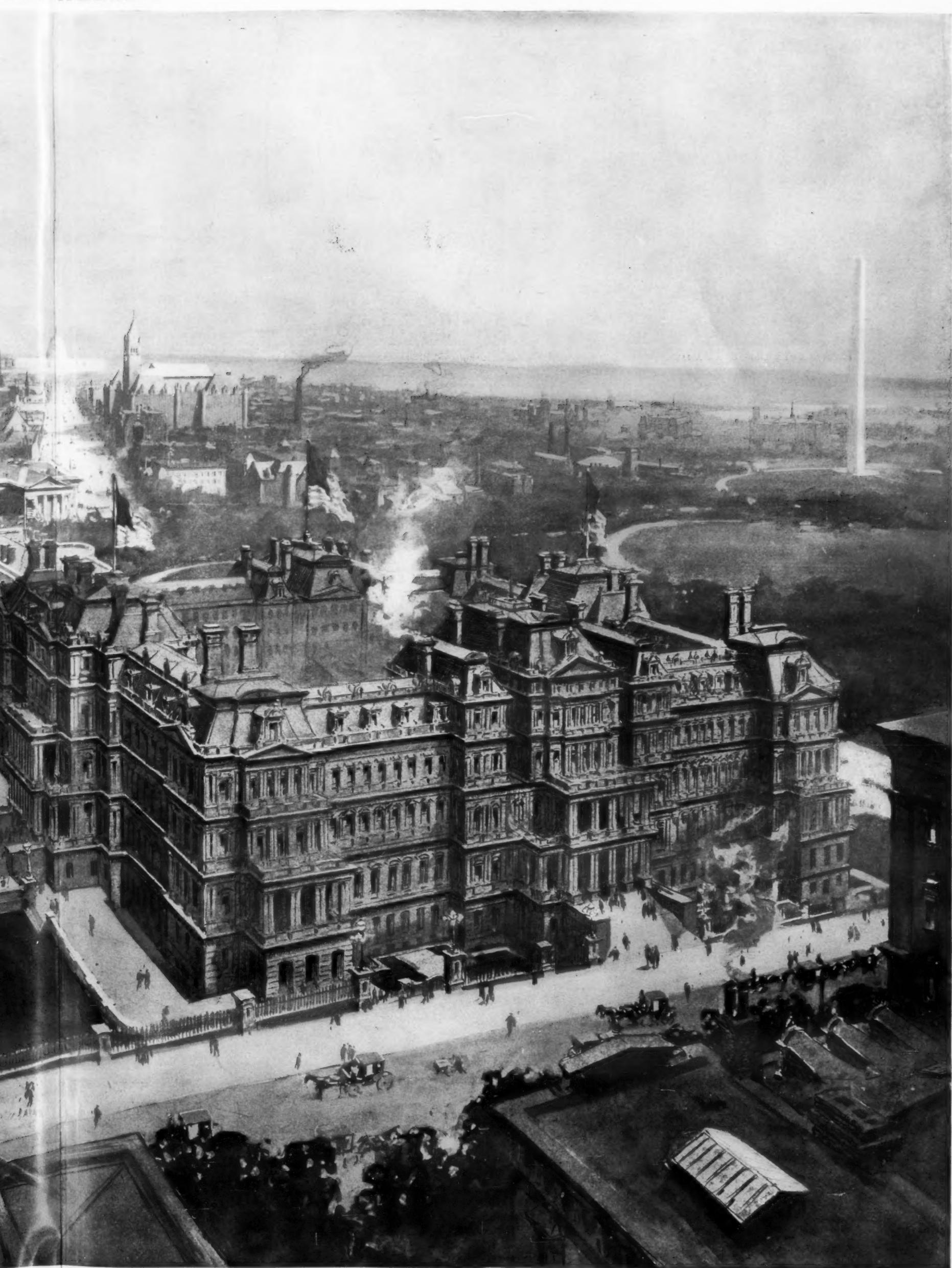


Treasury.

White House.

WAR TIMES IN WA

IMPOSING SPECTACLE PRESENTED BY OUR PATRIOTIC VOLUNTEERS AS THEY MARCHED UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, P



ES IN WASHINGTON.

ANIA AVENUE, PAST THE ARMY AND NAVY BUILDING AND THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT, ON THE WAY TO THE CAPITOL.



DRAWING A "BEE-LINE" ON A SPANIARD.



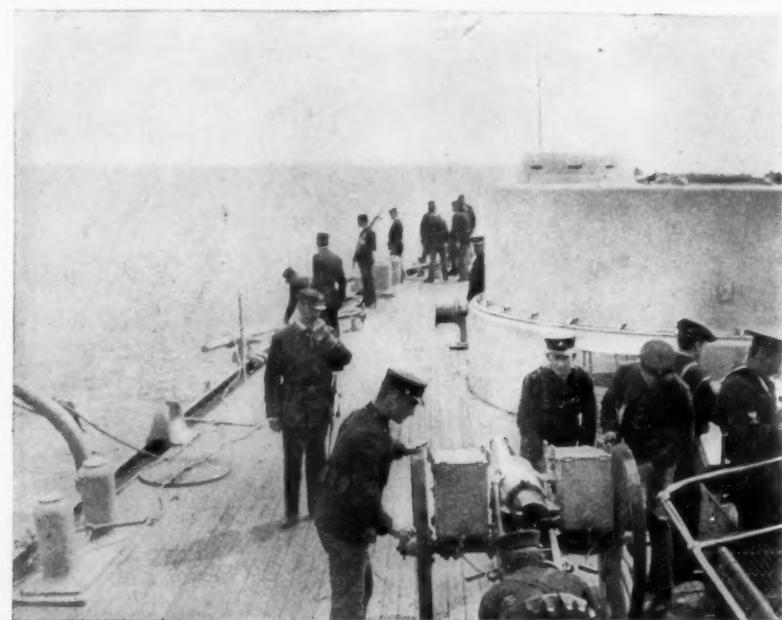
FLAG-SHIP "BROOKLYN" SIGNALING THE TRANSPORTS WITH THE TROOPS OFF CUBA.



COMMODORE SCHLEY AND LIEUTENANT BEARS WATCHING BRAVE HOBSON AS HE STARTS TO SINK THE "MERRIMAC" AT THE MOUTH OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.



COOLING OFF—MEN ON TURRET OF THE "BROOKLYN," AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO.



THE "BROOKLYN'S" MARINES EAGER TO DO BUSINESS WITH THE SPANIARDS ON SHORE.

WIDE-AWAKE COMMODORE SCHLEY.
HIS FLAG-SHIP "BROOKLYN" DOING GOOD WORK ON THE CUBAN COAST.

A Woman's View of Tampa.

TERESA DEAN'S TENDER HEART IS TOUCHED BY MANY THINGS SHE SEES—OUR BRAVE BOYS AND THE HARDSHIPS THEY ENDURE FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S SAKE.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

TAMPA BAY HOTEL, FLORIDA, June 26th, 1898.—An inborn military instinct is to take things as you find them and say nothing. Tampa is full of military instinct.

These army officers, who are old in the service, said little before, but are saying nothing now about the packed condition of the transports before their next departure for Cuba—packed with 17,000 human souls. I mistake. One officer did say something. With horrible stench in my nostrils, with my head dizzy, my eyes blinded, and my senses sickened with the close, hot, thick atmosphere of one transport, I staggered to him and said :

"Can those boys, our boys, live even to get to Cuba?"

He smiled and told me scientifically and mathematically how each man, in the computing of air space, had twenty-four feet of it all to himself. Then he said something more about superficial areas, cubic feet, British methods, and American necessities. When he had finished, my hearing and understanding had sickened with the rest. I only saw, and am still seeing it, bunks in rows one above the other, bunks to hold four men, bunks to hold three men, sandwiched in between decks, where above were officers and horses, below—mules. The transport was formerly a banana-boat. It had been built with special attention for the ripening of bananas—bananas which are loaded green and must be nursed with hot air in the transportation. The atmosphere was what one might expect.

One young fellow of nineteen, whom I found to be the son of Colonel Theodore Baldwin, of the Tenth Cavalry, smiled bravely, and said : "It will not be so bad when we are out at sea; they will allow us to go anywhere we want to—or can—on the ship."

Where we can! There may have been, scientifically, twenty-four feet of "computed air space" to each man, but that young fellow, just then, had exactly the foot space on which he was standing. This boy, this son of Colonel Baldwin, was at college. He wanted to go to war, and, to make sure of getting to the front, of going with one of the regiments that would be the first into Cuba, he went with his father, and will enlist in Cuba. He cannot join his father's regiment, for the reason it is a colored one. His mother, with whom I talked afterward, said : "I would like to have kept my boy at home, but—" Then the tears came, and were choked back. I knew. Brave mother of a brave boy! Her boy, with the rest, wanted a chance. He wanted to make a name for himself. He knew himself to be of hero-stuff, and he wanted this chance, that others might know. It could only be told, in this selfish, hurry world of ours, by his going into the very jaws of death. Poor boy, poor mother!

His mother said he was born a soldier. His great ambition has been to go to West Point. Colonel Baldwin and herself tried in every way to get him an appointment. She said, quietly and without one shade of bitterness, "We had not enough political pull." Think of that! The son of an officer of our regular army, a man who has given his whole life to the service for his country, needing a political pull to get his son into West Point!

* * * * *

As I walked down the dock to where cars were being em. tied and loaded I saw a plain coffin, without name-plate or box, resting on the floor of a freight-car. Somebody had died out there on the water while the transports were waiting. I asked who it was, and was told the coffin held the body of a member of the medical corps, who had been foolishly adding whiskey to the heat of the climate and of the transport.

* * * * *

While these army officers are saying nothing, it looks to me as if many of them feel keenly the position they are in. They are humiliated before these military attachés who are here to represent different countries. They seem like children at school, who are being punished for something they do not deserve. While our regular army is equipped and ready for everything, enemy or climate, our volunteer army is not ready, are suffering, and these time-honored officers, who love all soldiers, suffer with them because they, too, are helpless. Their hands are tied, their judgment is ignored. Smiles do not often light up their faces. There is care and anxiety in their expression, and the character lines are gradually becoming drawn to a tension. Why? Because politics continually reaches in, to interfere and to slaughter good sense, and, indirectly, our soldiers. Things go wrong because, at present, there is no real head—political heads have not the ability, and our military heads are given no opportunity.

General Miles, who is looked to as the head of the army, is ordered here and there, and to do this and to do that, in a much more peremptory manner than is the correspondent of a newspaper by his editor. Since coming here he has worked day and night. Not a thing was done as it should be done until he arrived. How long will it be before our able military men will be left to work out this conflict in their own way without interference?

TERESA DEAN.

First Fighting Days in Cuba.

OUR SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT GIVES A SPICY DIARY RECITING THE EVENTS FOLLOWING THE LANDING OF THE AMERICAN MARINES—HOW SPANIARDS FIGHT—AFRAID OF OPEN BATTLE, THEY SHOOT DOWN OUR SOLDIERS FROM PLACES OF CONCEALMENT—LAST WORDS OF BRAVE DR. GIBBS BEFORE HE FELL, MORTALLY WOUNDED—HARD WORK AND HOT DAYS.

(From our Special Correspondent at the Front.)

WITH THE AMERICAN MARINES, CAMP McCALLA, GUANTANAMO, CUBA, June 20th, 1898.—English is spoken in Cuba now. This is more like Texas than anywhere an American soldier has been before.

There has been a quick sequence of events since the 600 marines were landed here Friday, June 10th, and six deaths by the shots of the enemy have wrought a serious countenance on every

face in camp. Let me recount the history of the first few days of America's occupation of Cuba.

Friday, June 10th: The *Marblehead* and *Suwanee* began at day-break to clean out the woods and the bush on the beach near which lay the hill selected as the point of vantage for the camp. Before noon the *Panther*, convoyed by the *Yosemite*, came from Santiago and landed the marines. Captain Elliot immediately established an outpost duty. Earthworks on top of hill begun. Camp named Camp McCalla after Commander McCalla, of the *Marblehead*, guardian ship of Guantanomo Bay. There was noise in the surrounding ambush, but no sight of enemy.

Saturday, June 11th: Work on the intrenchments continued all night in only such light as the stars give. Outposts reported movements of Spanish troops in the underbrush. Efforts to find a natural supply of water failed, and water will have to be supplied from the ships. Sun very oppressive. Effect of heat and no sleep begins to show on men. Captain Spicer re-enforced picked duty at noon because of continued reports of activity of Spanish troops. Later, shots heard. Body of sergeant brought in from post. Picket reported two privates shot. They were on picket duty; Spaniards stole up upon them as they stood together smoking cigarettes. Several privates exhausted from sheer lack of rest. Work on intrenchments continued. Privates begin clearing the underbrush near the camp. Sixty Cubans are brought into camp. They hoist the Cuban flag at the foot of the hill and build palm huts for themselves. Colonel Huntington orders them to be rationed and supplied with shoes.

Sunday, June 12th: Firing begun early and continued all day. At 1:30 p. m. Dr. Gibbs was shot in the forehead and killed while standing in the door of the hospital-tent. Companions report as follows : "Dr. Gibbs had just risen from his camp-chair, and walking to the door of his tent and stretching his arms, said : 'Well, I don't want to die in this place.' Those were the last words he spoke. When the doctor was gasping his last a private with a bleeding hand ran up crying, 'Where's the doctor? Where's the doctor?' The doctor must have heard it." Just after dark a desultory attack was made on the hill. The marines fell into the trenches and repulsed the enemy without casualties on our side.

Monday, June 13th: Sergeant-major Goode was shot down by a promiscuous Mauser rifle shot from the enemy. The remains of Dr. Gibbs, with other soldiers, were given a martial burial. Graves were dug about 100 feet from the American flag. Each body was wrapped in the stars and stripes and carried on a bier between columns of marines. As the cortege moved, shots were heard from the bay and clouds of white smoke floated from the American ships. Work on fortifications continued vigorously. After the death of Private Towerman, who fell over a cliff and broke his neck, some of the doctors said that the strain on the man was affecting their minds.

Tuesday, June 14th: The first land battle of 1898 was fought today. The American marines stumbled over cactus and tracked a strange country to fight and beat the enemy in its own environment. Preparations for an expedition of aggression began in the morning. It was determined that the movements of the Spaniards were becoming too bold, and that despite the fact that the marines had had no sleep the Spaniards must be routed from the near-by woods. At noon the Marine Corps was formed in two detachments and marched out in a "Y"-shape direction. An unknown force of Spaniards trapped in the dry and hollow woods began in a lively spirit. They say the man who is shot never hears the shot that killed him. There must have been a number of shots unheard by some of the Spaniards, for as the marines moved forward they tramped over dead Spaniards. The Mauser bullets whistled weirdly, prickling off a twig here and there and finally lodging in the pup of a cocoanut stump. The Spaniards were now in a gulch between two elevated fires. The *Dolphin*, which had steamed out of the bay into the open sea, moved up to the beach and let loose a volley of 4-inch shells which went up the gulch like a freshet. In some way the bulk of the Spaniards got out of the *mélée*. Eighteen surrendered by dropping their arms and pitifully holding up their hands, and the battle was over. Sixty-eight Spaniards are known to have been killed, although a Spanish prisoner says the number was greater. Two Cubans were killed and two wounded, one of whom died afterwards. The conduct of the Cubans surprised everybody. The shoes given them by the United States they took off their feet, threw over their backs and marched over the cactus bare-footed. Their bravery is established.

Wednesday, June 15th: A Spanish deserter presented himself. He said others would follow him if they knew they would not be ill-treated. He caused amusement by the ravenous way in which he devoured his breakfast. The *Texas* arrived at one p. m., and immediately with the *Suwanee* and *Marblehead* went in the bay and bombarded the fort. At 3:10 the entire fort, city, and railroad-station were demolished. The *Texas* picked up three mines, and, giving them over to the *Marblehead*, returned to Santiago. But three shots were returned by the enemy.

June 19th: The only suggestion that this is Sunday morning is the bugle-calls and rattle of drums aboard the men of-war. The *Dolphin* landed supplies for 250 half-starved and half-nude Cubans at a place seventeen miles west of Guantanomo, yesterday afternoon. The Cubans were under command of Dr. Castillo, formerly of the New York Cuban Junta, who left Tampa on the *Florida* expedition. Dr. Castillo reported that Santiago could be taken in ten days with a land force of 20,000 men. He said 2,000 Spaniards were located each at Holguin and Manzanillo. Major-General Calixto Garcia is near Santiago.

POSTSCRIPT.—June 20th, Monday, ten a. m.: As the Scripps-McRae League dispatch-boat *Kanapaha* is leaving the Cuban coast for Jamaica, the fleet conveying the troops of the United States Army is sighted off about ten miles east of Santiago. Thirty-six vessels are observed through the glasses.

THOMAS W. STEEP.

Financial—Bad for Brokers.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

THE new revenue-tax of \$2 on every sale of 100 shares of bank stock—i.e., two cents on every \$100 of value—is a bad blow to the brokerage business, and, in my judgment, will be a bad blow to business on Wall Street, particularly to dealings in the low-priced stocks. A great many will hesitate, too, before they will buy rat-trap railroad and other stocks selling at from \$2 to \$5 per share, when they remember that they must pay a heavy tax on each transaction. It looks as if the brokers had been remiss in not watching the outcome of revenue legislation at Washington a little more carefully. Now that the tax has been imposed, it will be difficult to have it abolished or reduced, because Congress, as it is constituted in these days, has no particular love for Wall Street.

"A. B." of Omaha, asks if there would be profit in taking \$500 out of a saving bank which pays him four per cent, and putting it into the new government three-per-cent. at par. I think there would be a profit in this operation, because a premium of two or three per cent. is already paid for these bonds, and in all probability they will sell, within thirty days after their issue, at a premium of four to five per cent. A premium of five per cent. on a \$500 bond would be \$25. Suppose a man took \$500 out of a savings bank on the 1st of August and bought a government bond. Suppose that on the 1st of August he sold it at five-per-cent. premium. This would mean a clear profit of \$25, deducting possibly a small commission. A whole year's interest at the savings bank would only be \$20. I do not know of an easier way to make money than by buying government bonds at par, and I advise my readers who can afford to engage in the transaction to do it as quickly as possible, before the issue is ex-

"W." Eastport, Maine: The Union Pacific fours and Union Pacific preferred both should net you a profit. If you hold them for investment I would not sell. Both will be higher unless untoward events occur in connection with our war complication. A serious reverse would depress the market and enable you to buy at a lower figure, but it is a question whether it is worth while to take such a chance for a profitable investment bond and a promising stock.

"L. P." Mobile, Georgia: Consolidated Ice common pays a dividend of one per cent. quarterly. It sells, at the present writing, at thirty-seven to thirty-eight. Brooklyn Rapid Transit has never paid a dividend. The price at this writing is about fifty-three.

"O. G." Joliet, Illinois: I think the price of the stock you mention is too high. If you can buy it at three or four points less it would bring you a profit.

"L. F." St. Paul, Minnesota: I would prefer to purchase Union Pacific preferred rather than United States Rubber common or leather preferred.

"P. L." San Francisco: I think American Cable, even at present prices, is a good investment. It pays five per cent., and has the guarantee of the Western Union behind it. I would prefer it to many bonds that are selling at a higher price than ninety-three.

"O. F." Toledo, Ohio: I think Standard Oil is an excellent investment, even at present prices.

"C. G." Hartford, Connecticut: Sell and take your profit.

JASPER.

Life Insurance—Information for All.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

The insurance commissioner of Connecticut, in his recent report, severely criticises many of the fraternal insurance associations. This criticism, he says, does not apply to secret orders like the Masons and Odd Fellows, "wherein the insurance feature is limited to a mere burial fund or temporary relief," but it applies to those societies "whose real purpose is the pursuit of the business of insurance, under the more or less thinly disguised forms of secrecy, lodges, rituals, etc." The commissioner declares that the system under which most of the fraternal insurance is now done is "defective and doomed."

"F. H. S." Fair Haven, Vermont: The American Temperance Life Insurance Association was organized in 1899. Last year its total receipts were a little over \$123,000, of which it paid to its members a little over \$56,000; while it charged to expense of management nearly \$44,000. It reports liabilities of over \$49,000, made up of losses adjusted, not adjusted, and resisted. The association purports to provide insurance for total abstainers only, and this, no doubt, attracts some patronage; but who shall know whether its members become addicted to drink or not? I do not believe such associations can successfully do business without eventually increasing their assessments. I should much prefer a company which would give me the advantage of dividends as I grow older, rather than the disadvantages of additional assessments.

"B.," Port Chester, New York: I would prefer the Mutual Life, of New York. The dividends are conjectural. The agents of the two companies you name will each give you different figures in comparing one company with the other.

"Nemo." Burkett, Texas: The Hartland Life is included with the co-operative insurance associations in the report of our State superintendent. I do not fancy assessment companies of any kind. My own preference would be for one of the strong, great old line companies. (2) The reason I believe in the great New York companies—the Mutual Life, the New York Life, and the Equitable—is because their soundness is assured and unquestioned. Their business is enormous, and their annual reports show that they are most prosperous. I do not say that other companies are not managed with equal care and economy. (3) The charge of excessive rates has been made against every solvent company, and will continue to be made as long as the life-insurance business is carried on. (4) It is not a fact that the earning capacity of money becomes less year by year, to an indefinite extent. If that were so, eventually money would earn nothing. The minimum has been established in congested money centres abroad. That minimum may not have been reached here, but money will always have a reasonable earning capacity, and as the three great companies in New York are now virtually on a basis of the lowest interest rate we have ever had, their earnings for the future are well-nigh secured.

"J. N. S." New York: The Northwestern Life Assurance Company is classed with the co-operative or assessment concerns in the report of the New York superintendent of insurance. It should not be confounded in any way with the Northwestern Mutual, of Wisconsin. The former company, in its last annual statement, reported losses and claims outstanding unpaid, December 31st, 1897, of \$474,716. It also reported liabilities of over \$600,000. I certainly should prefer a policy in the New York Life, the Equitable, or the Mutual Life, of New York City.

The Hermit.

A Chance for the New Woman.

To begin with, she has come to stay. She has arrived amid lots of free advertising and a considerable number of accompanying circumstances not wholly pleasing. Those things, however, are already in their passing, and the time is near at hand when only the good will remain (as is the way of the eternal feminine) and this new woman take her own high and proper place in the scheme of creation. It may be years before the world will have swung full circle; that social millennium pictured by the late Mr. Bellamy may be many generations away; it still is true that we are making progress every day, and that there lie on every hand helps to that end.

One such help offered to the new woman is alliance with the Woman's Department of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. It comes with a proposition that exceeds Bellamy's plan, for not only does it guarantee the same results as to the care of all alike, but it also holds the independence properly dear to the American woman. It is essentially practical, and at the same time it contains all those essential elements of happiness.

If woman were to learn that the government of her country would become the trustee of a small yearly tax upon her present income, used to create a permanent property from which an annuity would be paid her, this to begin fifteen or twenty years from date, she would believe that the government not only recognized the value of some Bellamy future, but had taken the first step toward the creation of conditions of true economic equality. Her acceptance of such taxation would be instant. It would amount to the purchasing of a life-time property and a salary for the older self. She would recognize it as the first and only taxation bringing with it any true representation.

The Mutual Life, with the unquestioned ability marked by fifty-five years of just such successful distribution of dividends from a common fund, offers woman an investment beyond the power of the present government to offer, and in addition guarantees to entail upon her heirs for a term of years the par value of her purchase, should the accident of death prevent in her own behalf the culmination of the original contract. This investment of a fixed amount yearly secures a two-fold purpose: the protection of those who may become dependent in event of her death; and the protection against a greater calamity than death—the combination of old age and poverty.

This investment is offered especially to woman. The discrimination of an extra charge for a series of years on account of sex is no longer made. To the new woman of to-day is given the same opportunity of becoming a comfortable and independent older citizen as has been given her father and grandfather in past years.

Will she add to the dignity of her labor this safeguard of accumulation? Then will she aid in economic equality in the establishment of her franchise. In the Mutual Life of New York, best and oldest of all companies, equally with the insured man, she is offered opportunities; the benefits springing from them, and a voice in the direction of the accruing results. She is cordially welcomed by this greatest of financial institutions, to become a stockholder, a voter, and a beneficiary in the firmly-established conditions of its power.

DON'T BE CARELESS.

In these days of nurse-maids the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a great safeguard to the health of the little ones. It will not easily spoil, being perfectly sterilized in its manufacture.



CARTING CAMP BAGGAGE TO THE TRANSPORTS AT TAMPA.



THE STUFF OUR NAVY IS MADE OF.

ENSIGN GILLIS, OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT "PORTER," SEIZING A FLOATING TORPEDO AT THE PERIL OF HIS LIFE.



Men who are always in a hurry, and most men are, want a soap for the toilet that will lather quickly and freely in hot or cold water. Other soaps than Ivory may have this quality, but will likely contain alkali, which is injurious to the skin. Ivory Soap is made of pure vegetable oils, no alkali; produces a white, foamy lather, that cleanses thoroughly and rinses easily and quickly. Money cannot buy a better soap for the toilet.

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The
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Gum**

**Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.**

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS AND SARATOGA TRAINS ON THE WEST SHORE.

COMMENCING June 20th the West Shore Railroad will inaugurate its summer drawing-room car lines between New York and Catskill Mountains and Saratoga.

The Rip Van Winkle Flyer will leave New York at 10.00 A. M.

The Saratoga Express leaves New York at 11.35 A. M.

The Mountain Express will leave New York at 3:45 P. M.

The Saturday Half-Holiday Special will leave New York at 1:15 P. M., and commences running Saturday, June 25th. This train reaches all Catskill Mountain points in time for dinner Saturday afternoon.

The Saratoga Limited drawing-room car service will be inaugurated Monday, June 27th, leaving New York at 3:45 P. M.

Similar trains will run southbound from Saratoga and Lake George on the same dates. New schedules of the West Shore train service issued by that company, advertising summer trains, can be had on application to ticket-agents.



Ladies Who Like Good Society

as well as safe company and comfortable cars should always travel on the lines of the

"Big Four"

If you live between or beyond

Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Benton Harbor, Detroit, Toledo, Sandusky, Peoria, Cairo, Vincennes, Terre Haute, Louisville, Indianapolis, Dayton, Columbus,

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WARREN J. LYNCH,
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SHARON SPRINGS,
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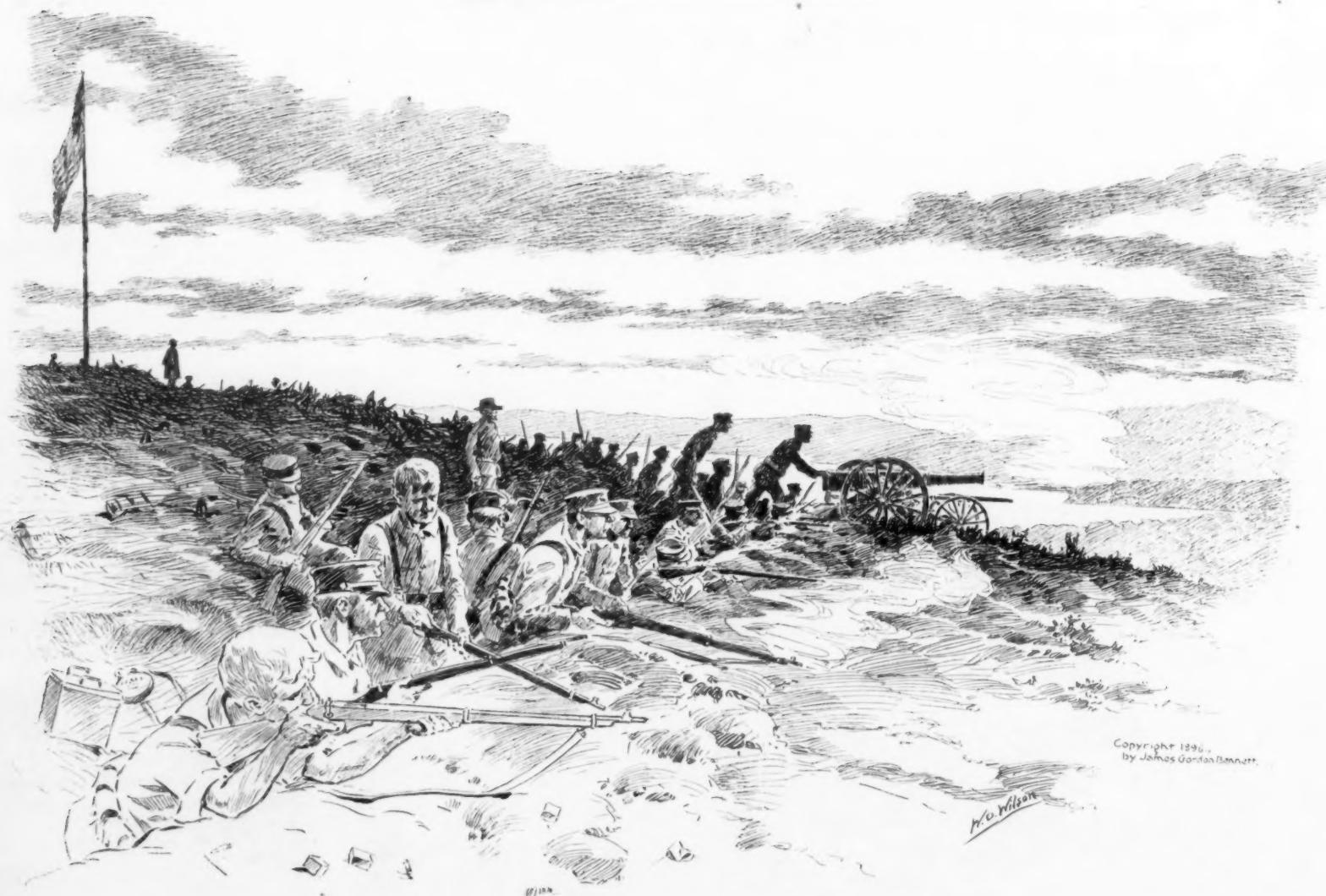
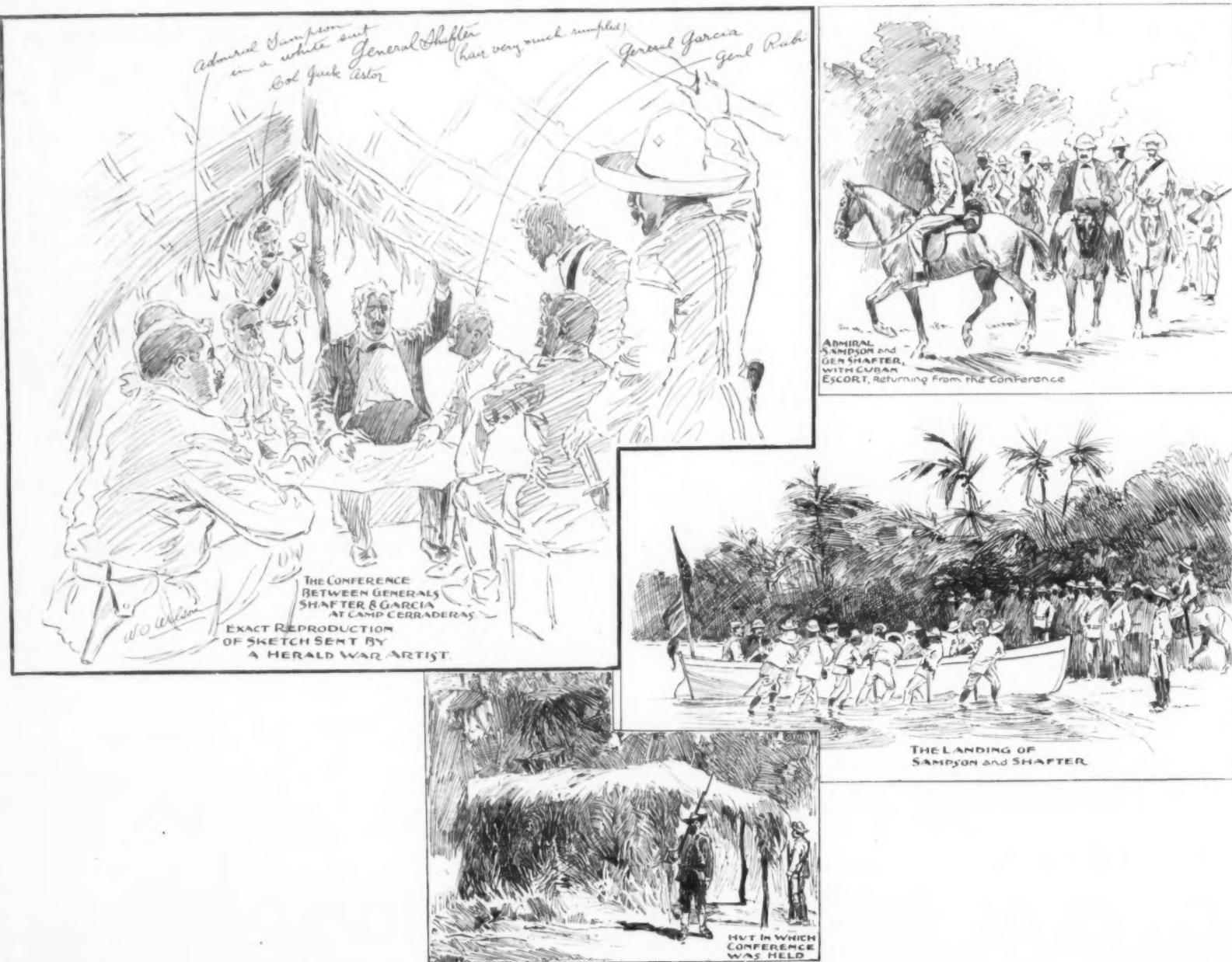
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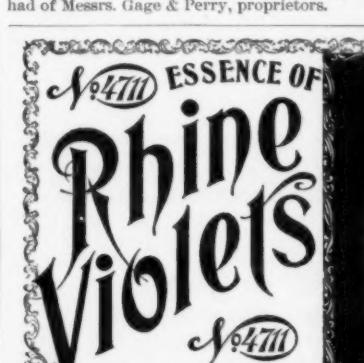
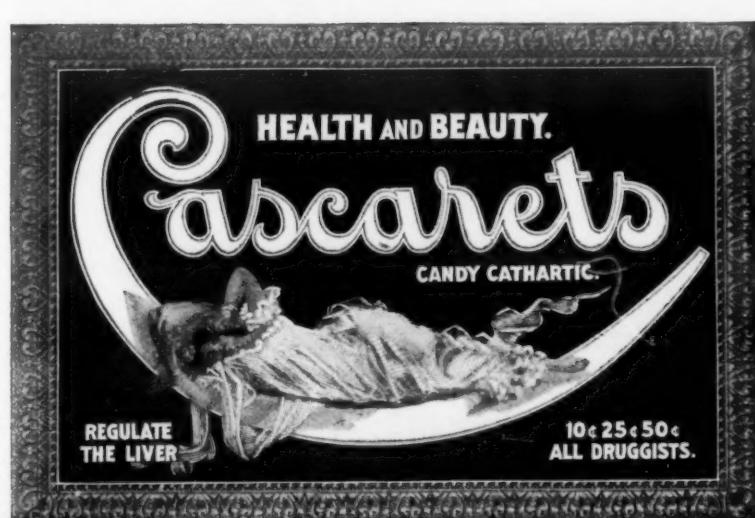
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